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A COLLECTION

OF

MISCELLANEOUS PIPES,

GLEES, QUARTETTES, ANTHEMS, ROUNDS, &c.,

BEING

SUITABLE FOR TEMPERANCE MEETINGS;

Carefully Selected from the best Authors,

ALSO,

THE VOCAL TUTOR,

A Practical Course of Musical Instruction, for the use of Singing Classes, Schools and Private Tuition.



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VOCAL TUTOR

AND

MISCELLANEOUS MUSIC.

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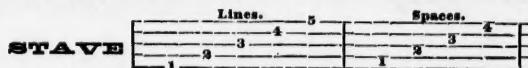
THE VOCAL TUTOR.

LESSON I.

OF THE NAMES OF THE NOTES.

MUSICAL sounds are expressed by characters called *Notes*. These notes are placed upon or between five parallel lines called a *Stave*, and are numbered in regular succession from the lowest line upward.

The *Pitch* of each note is likewise determined in the same manner; the lowest sound being placed on the first line, the others following in the same progressive order. Thus it will be observed, that as the notes ascend upon the stave, so should the voice be raised in pitch: as they descend, so should the voice be lowered in the same proportion.



In order to determine the particular name of each note, signs called *Clefs* are placed at the beginning of each Stave: the treble, otherwise called the G or Sol clef being placed upon the second line; the C Clef variously upon the first, second, third and fourth lines, thus giving the name C or Do to these lines; and the Bass or F clef upon the fourth line, hence called F or Fa. This clef is sometimes placed on the third line, that line being then named F.

It frequently happens that notes higher and lower than those expressed on the stave are required, for which purpose short lines, denominated *Ledger Lines* are used. The following are the names of the

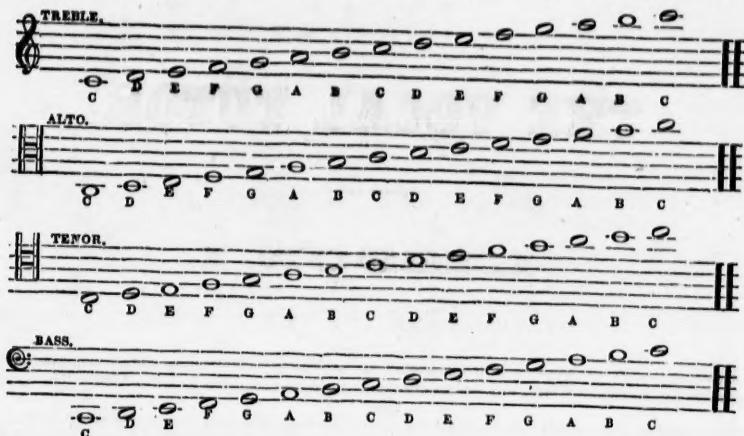
TREBLE NOTES.



THE BASS NOTES.



The following are the names of the notes in regular order, in the Treble, Alto, Tenor and Bass Clefs.



The C clef is always used in old music, therefore it is requisite that the alto or tenor singer should be acquainted with it; but in modern music those parts are frequently written in the G clef.

Here is an exercise on the names of the notes, each clef to be successively placed before it.



OF THE SCALES, INTERVALS AND TONES.

There are two Scales or Modes used in music, the Major and Minor. In both are seven degrees, which complete the scale, but they are distinguished by the distance of the interval which each degree forms with the first note. An interval is the distance from one note to another. There are ten intervals used in music, which receive their names from the greater or less distance from any given note, and that according to the number of degrees by which they are removed from it. It may be observed here that the unison, (or same note) is not properly an interval, but is counted as such in composition, because two different parts sometimes take the same note.

Having considered intervals so far, we can now pursue, with clearer perceptions, the formation of the

MAJOR DIATONIC SCALE.

The term *Diatonic* is used in contra-distinction to *Chromatic*, of which more by and by. The Major Diatonic Scale is formed by two *Tetra-chords*. A Tetra chord is a succession of four notes, the interval between the first and second being one tone; between the second and third a tone, and between the third and fourth one semi-tone. The second tetra-chord commences a tone above, the interval between them being called the tone of disjunction. A *Semi-tone* is the smallest elevation or depression of the voice used in modern music.

Ex.  A Tone requires a greater elevation or depression of sound.

Ex. 

The Scale is therefore thus formed:—

And the intervals consequently thus:—

EXERCISES TO BE SUNG.

The syllables Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do,* are applied to the notes of the scale as follows:—

These exercises must be repeated several times until a certain degree of facility is attained. The slur shows the position of the semitones.

It must be remembered that in the above exercise, the Tenor is in unison with the Bass, and both are one octave below the Treble notes.

LESSON XI.

OF THE LENGTH OF THE NOTES, &c.

There are seven different kinds of notes in common use, the Semibreve, Minim, Crotchet, Quaver, Semiquaver, Demisemiquaver, and Semidemisemiquaver. Of these the Semibreve is twice the length in duration of the Minim, the Minim of the Crotchet, the Crotchet of the Quaver, and so on to the last, as represented in the following table of the comparative length of all the notes.

*Pronounced as if written Doh, Ray, Mee, Fah, Sol, Lah, See, Doh.

A	0	Semibreve.
-	0	Minim.
1	1	
-	0	Crotchet.
1	1	1
-	0	Quaver.
1	1	1
-	0	Demiquaver.
1	1	1
-	0	Semidemiquaver.
1	1	1
-	0	Semidemidemiquaver.
1	1	1

In old music there are sometimes two other notes called the Long or Large.

and the Breve

A Long is equal to two Breves or four Semibreves, consequently a Semibreve, though represented as the longest note, is half a Breve, and the fourth of the Long, *the longest note*.

OF RESTS.

Momentary silences, called rests, frequently occur in Music; they are equal in duration to the notes after which they are named.



Ex. When the number of Bars for which silence is to be kept is very great, figures only are used, thus  and the usual way of counting is by naming the number instead of the word one,

at the commencement of each bar. Ex. 8

| **1** 234 | **2** 234 | **3** 234 | **4** 234 | **5** 234 | **6** 234 | **7** 234 | **8** 234 |

OF TIME.

A bar of music is the quantity contained between two little lines drawn across the stave; and in the same movement of a piece of music, every bar is equal in duration. The *first* note after the bar is the *accented* note; an *inferior accent*, in common time is placed on the third part, or third, fifth, and seventh parts according as the bars may be divided into four or eight parts. In triple time the inferior accent is usually upon the third part when the bars are divided into three parts, or the third and fifth when in six parts. In

compound common time upon the fourth, and compound triple time, the fourth and seventh parts. The exact value of the notes or rests contained in each bar is marked at the commencement of every piece of music, by certain figures or signs, and is said to be the time in which it is written.

There are two kinds of time, simple and compound. These are again divided into common and triple times.

Simple Common Time Marked

C or **4** contains four crotchets or the value of a semibreve in each bar.

2 or **2** contains two minims or the value of a semibreve in each bar.

2 contains two crotchets or the value of a minim in each bar.

Simple Triple Time Marked

3 contains three minims or notes of the same value in each bar.

3 contains three crotchets or notes of the same value
2 in each bar.

3 contains three quavers or notes of the same value in each bar.

Compound Common Time Marked

6 contains six crotchets or notes of the same value in each bar.

6 contains six quavers or notes of the same value

1.0, contains two *value* entries, or *sets*, of the same value.

Compound Triple Time Marked

9 contains nine quavers or notes of the same value in each bar.

9 contains nine semiquavers or notes of the same

OF COUNTING TIME.

This must be done with either the hand or foot, each beat falling as regularly as the pendulum of a clock.

In $\frac{2}{2}$ ~ $\frac{2}{4}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{6}{8}$ there are two beats in each bar. $\frac{3}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ $\frac{9}{8}$ $\frac{9}{16}$ there are three in the bar.

In \mathbb{C} or $\frac{4}{4}$ and $\frac{12}{8}$ there are four in the bar.

A Dot placed after a note or rest, increases it in length or value by one-half.

A Double Dotted note or rest is equal to three-fourths its original value.

In the following exercise all the notes are of equal value—minims, and the mark $\frac{2}{2}$ denotes that it is in half common time, or two equal beats in the bar.

A musical score for 'La Cucaracha' featuring two staves. The top staff is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do Do Si La Sol Fa Mi Re Do. The bottom staff is in 2/2 time with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do Do Si La Sol Fa Mi Re Do.

EXERCISE IN TWO PARTS.

Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do Si La Sol Fa Mi Ro Do Si Do
 Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do Si La Sol Fa Mi Re Do.

This mark means to swell the sound; this to diminish it. All the notes in the next example must be begun *soft*, gradually increasing the sound to the middle, and diminishing it in the same proportion to the end. Count four in each bar.

Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do Do Si La Sol Fa Mi Re Do.

EXERCISE IN THIRDS.

Do Re Mi Do Re Mi Fa Re Mi Fa Sol Mi Fa Sol La Fa Sol La Si Sol Do Do Si La Do
 Si La Sol Si La Sol Fa La Sol Fa Mi Sol Fa Mi Re Fa Mi Re Do Si Do
 Do Mi Re Fa Mi Sol Fa La Sol Si La Do Si Re Do

Re Si Do La Si Sol La Fa Sol Mi Fa Re Mi Do Re Si Do

EXERCISE IN HARMONY.—THREE PARTS.

Do Si Do La Sol Si Do Mi Re Do Re Do Si Do
 Mi Fa Sol La Si Re Do Do Si Do La Sol Fa Mi
 Do Re Mi Fa Sol Sol La Sol Si La Fa Mi Re Do

LESSON III.

ON INTERVALS.

In the following exercise on the different intervals of the scale, each *skip* must be practiced many times over, until it becomes familiar to the ear. The crotchets show the intermediate notes, which may be sung until the distance is acquired; then practise without them.

10 2nd 3rd 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th or octave.
 Do Re Do Mi Do Fa Do Sol Do La Do Si Do Do
 Do Si Do La Do Sol Do Fa Do Mi Do Re Do Do



EXERCISE ON FOURTHS.

11

Do Fa Re Sol Mi La Fa Si Sol Do La Re Si Mi Do Mi Si

Re La Do Sol Si Fa La Mi Sol Re Fa Do Mi Si Do

EXERCISE ON FIFTHS.

12

Do Sol Re La Mi Si Fa Do Sol Re Do Mi La Re Sol Do Fa Si Do

EXERCISE IN THREE PARTS.

p means to sing soft; *f* loud; *mf* or *mp* half loud.

13

Do Si Do Re Mi Re Mi Re Fa Re Mi Re Do

Mi Fa Sol La Sol Si Do Si Do Sol Do La Sol Fa Mi Mi

Do Re Mi Fa Mi Re Do Sol Do Si Pa Sol Fa Re Fa Sol Do

Re Mi Fa Mi Fa Mi Re Do Re Si Do

Si Do La Sol La Si Do Sol Fa Mi La Fa Mi

Sol Do Fa Sol La Si Do Sol La Fa Sol Do

EXERCISE IN FOUR PARTS.

14

Sol La Sol Do Mi Re Mi Re Mi De Re Si Do

Mi Fa Mi Sol Sol Do Re Do Re Do La Mi Re Fa Mi Do

Do Fa Do Mi Do Sol Do Si Do La Fa Sol Do

Mi Re Do La Sol Mi Do Mi Re Do Mi Re Do

Do Si La Fa Mi Do Mi Sol Fa Mi Sol La Sol Mi Do

Mi Fa Sol Do

LESSON XIV.

EXERCISE IN SIXTHS.

A musical score for two staves. The top staff is in common time (indicated by a '4' with a '2' over it) and has a treble clef. The bottom staff is in common time and has a bass clef. Measure 15 consists of eighth notes. Measure 16 begins with a half note, followed by eighth notes, then a double bar line, and finally eighth notes.

EXERCISE IN SEVENTHS.

16

EXERCISE IN OCTAVES.

17

EXERCISES ON DIFFERENT INTERVALS.

18

The Bind or Tie when placed over two or more notes of the same name, signifies that they must be prolonged as one note. —



EXERCISE IN FOUR PARTS, WITH THE TENOR CLEF.

The slur \sim placed over two or more notes, in singing, denotes that they are to be sung to one word or syllable.

G. F. G.

G. F. G.

Bu - ay, cu rious thirs - ty fly, Drink with me, and drink as I;
 Free, free - ly wel-come to my cup, could'st, could'st thou sup and sup it
 Free, free - ly wel-come,
 Free, free - ly wel-come to my cup, could'st thou
 up. Make the most of life you may, Life is short and wears a - way.

LESSON V.

ON SHARPS, FLATS, NATURALS, &c.

Hitherto all our exercises have been confined to the scale of C. We have already explained the formation of the natural scale, which must be a regular succession of tones and semitones, distributed so as to place the semi-tones between the third and fourth, and seventh and eighth degrees of the scale. It is evident that the scale may be formed from any other note. We will therefore attempt to do so, beginning

with G. Ex.

 We will compare these notes with the explanations given in the second lesson. G to A, one tone; A to B, one tone; B to C, one semitone; D to E, one tone; E to F, one semitone; but this we find will not do. E to F being the 6th and 7th of our scale, should be *one tone*, and in singing this scale we shall find our voices naturally led to a note which we have no term to describe, and on proceeding to G we find it sounds perfectly correct; in other words, we have produced a semitone between the F and G, and have raised our voice *one tone* from E to F. This new note we must be able to distinguish; we do so by placing a mark called a Sharp (#) before it. This character conveys the idea that the note before which it is placed is to be made more acute—*sharpened*. We will try the scale with this correction.



This scale is now complete in every respect, differing from that of C only in pitch. In pursuing this course, and proceeding in fifths *above* each preceding scale, we shall find we are enabled, by adding one more sharp, to form and complete each scale satisfactorily, until we come to require seven sharps. In comparing our sharps we shall find that they also proceed in regular succession, each being a fifth above the last. As it is necessary to commit these to memory, here is their order, with the key or scale which each one added represents.

No. of Sharps. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7

 Scale or Key-note, G D A E B F# C#

It will have been perceived by this time, and it is well to remember, that each scale or key as we will now call them, is the next semitone or degree *above* the *last added sharp*.

Having thus discovered the use of the sharp, we will renew our researches. The scales we have formed have all had the degree of one-fifth *above* the preceding ones. We will try to form the scale of F a fifth *below* C.



On comparing this, as before, we shall find that while in the scale of G it was the 7th degree which required alteration, the disagreement now lies between the 3rd and 4th. These degrees as now constituted make a tone, but we remember that between these and the 7th and 8th the difference should be but a semitone; the fourth degree, or B, must therefore be lowered one semitone, which we do by placing a Flat (b) before it, and we shall then be able to represent it as we should naturally sing it.



We can proceed in the same way, to construct the scales a *fifth below* the preceding ones, when the result will be as follows:—

No. of Flats. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7

 Scale or Key-note, F Bb Eb Ab Db Gb Cb

We will remark here that the key note is the *fourth* *below* or the *fifth* *above* the last added flat, and consequently the next to the last flat always indicates the key.

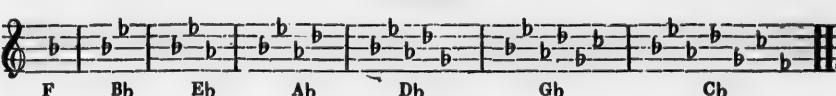
These Sharps and Flats, are not placed before the notes every time they are required, but simply at the commencement of the piece, and the beginning of each stave, immediately after the clef, and hold good throughout, unless negatived by certain characters (of which we shall soon speak), or until replaced by others. These sharps and flats so placed are called the *Signature* of the Scale or Key, and throughout the course of a piece of music, it will be necessary to remember how many and which notes are affected by it.

SIGNATURE OF THE KEYS.

WITH SHARPS.



WITH FLATS.



It will be seen from the above, that the first sharp becomes the last flat, and the first flat the last sharp and so of the others, in reverse.

The following lines will be found to the purpose, in fixing the several keys on the memory:

RULE FOR THE KEYS WITH SHARPS.

No Sharps or Flats belong to Do;
One sharp the key of Sol must show;
Re has two sharps, and La has three,
In Mi are four, and five in Si;
The Fa sharp gamut* must have six;
And for Do sharp, all seven prefix.

RULE FOR THE KEYS WITH FLATS.

Fa natural one flat must take;
Two flats the key of Si Flat make,
Mi flat has three, and La flat four;
And with Re flat, count still one more;
By Six the Sol flat scale is known,
And Do flat makes all seven its own.

It often occurs that we meet with other flats and sharps in the course of a piece of music, than those required for the signature. They occur when the key is left either temporarily or permanently, without changing the signature, or when the tone of another scale is introduced without affecting the established key. In such case, the sharp or flat, then called an *accidental*, is placed before the note which it influences throughout the bar, unless it is contradicted by the character used to nullify a sharp or flat, called a *natural*. It is shaped thus (♯).

Sometimes other characters are met with: the *double sharp*, (+) which raises a note a *whole* tone, unless the note is already a sharp, when it raises it *one additional* semitone; a *double flat*, (b) which influences and depresses it in the same ratio. A *double natural* (♯♯) is used to neutralize either.

EXERCISES WITH ACCIDENTAL SHARPS AND FLATS.



* Gamut.—Scale.

EXERCISES WITH ACCIDENTAL FLATS AND SHARPS.—(CONTINUED.)

25

25

26

27

28

29



EXERCISES WITH ESSENTIAL SHARPS.

26

27 *Andante Con Moto.* *Ja. Wien*

Who can tell how oft he of - fend-eth? Who can tell how oft he of - fend-eth?

Oh! cleanse thou me, Oh! cleanse thou me, cleanse thou me from my
se - cret faults; cleanse thou me from my se - cret faults; from my se - cret faults.

The dots on the side of the double bar signify that the music on each side of it is to be repeated.

* The stem of the upper note, C, is here down, in which case it must be sung by the Alto voices.

LESSON VI.

EXERCISES IN KEYS WITH SHARPS.

Each portion of this Exercise must be repeated several times.

Whilst studying the foregoing Exercises, it will be advisable for the pupil to familiarize himself with the different *skips* or *distances* which he has already practised; for, unless he has a clear perception of the distance to be sung, it is scarcely probable that he will take the correct one. *Singing in tune* must also demand especial attention. The voice is liable to be depressed by the exertion required, and therefore *singing out of tune*,—too flat, and sometimes too sharp,—is the natural consequence. The aid of an instrument is the surest test in this matter; and withal, great care, daily practice and a good musical ear, will very much conduce to the rapid improvement of the Pupil.





EXERCISE IN FOUR PARTS.

44. Tenor. Andante Affettuoso. G. F. G.

That last best ef - fort of thy skill, To form the life and rule the will, Pro - pi - tious

Tenor, See lower. Bass.

Teach me,

Power! im-part; im-part, Pro - pi - tious Pow-er! im - part. Teach me, - - Teach

Teach me,

fires . . .
me to cool my pas-sion's fires, to cool, to cool my pas-sion's fires. Make me the
judge of my de-sires, The mas-ter of my heart, The mas-ter of my heart.
Ritardando.
Ritardando.
Ritardando.

The pause  placed over or under a note or rest, shows that the note or rest must be prolonged to nearly double its proportionate length, and the bar previous to the one in which a pause is contained, is usually slackened as the pause is approached.

When a piece begins with part of a bar (as in the foregoing) that part is always allowed for at the end, and before the double bar also, if the piece be divided into parts, and is therefore counted as the last part of a bar.

LESSON VII.

FURTHER EXERCISES IN KEYS WITH SHARPS.

The musical score consists of five staves of music, likely for a vocal and piano accompaniment. The top staff is in 2/4 time, G major. The second staff is in 2/4 time, C major. The third staff is in 3/4 time, C major. The fourth staff is in 2/4 time, C major. The bottom staff is in 2/4 time, C major. The music includes various note values (eighth and sixteenth notes), rests, and dynamic markings. The key signature changes are indicated by sharp and double sharp symbols.

49. *Adagio con Devotione.*

From Weber.

TREBLE.

ALTO.

When the sun glo - riou - ly comes forth from the O - cean, Mak - ing earth

TENOR, *very louder.*

BASS.

beau - ti - ful, Chas - ing sha - dows a - way:—Thus do we of - fer Thee our

pray'r of de - vo - tion; God of the Fa - ther-less, Guide - Oh ! Guard us to - day.

LESSON VIII.

EXERCISES IN KEYS WITH FLATS.

43.

44.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

45. 1st TREBLE. Cheerful. Blewitt.

It is the mer - ry month, the mer - ry month of May, That laughs, That

2nd TREBLE.

BASE.

laughs.. our win - try cares a - way. Oh ! 'tis mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry

May, that laughs our win - try cares a - way, our win - try cares a - way. The
 mer - ry, mer - ry May, That laughs our cares a - way, The
 a - way, a-way, mer - ry, mer - ry May, That laughs our cares a - way.
 that laughs

LESSON IX. OF THE MINOR DIATONIC SCALE.

We have before alluded to the fact that there are two Modes or Scales, the Major and Minor; the difference lying in the situation of the several intervals composing the Scale. We have already learned the construction of the Major Scales, and have observed that the semitones therein lie between the 3rd and 4th, and 7th and 8th. Our attention will now be directed to the formation of the Minor Scales. These Scales consist of the same number of degrees—including five tones and two semitones—the first semitone being between the *second* and *third*, the other between the *fifth* and *sixth*.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
 No. of Tones.... 1 1 1 1 1 1

The peculiarity of the Major and Minor Scales consists in the nature of the intervals between the *first* and *third* of the Scale. The Major consists of *four* semitones, the Minor, *three*.



Every note may be the foundation of a Scale, Major or Minor. C, for instance, in its Major Scale requires E, A, and B natural,—that is, the Major third, sixth and leading note; for its Minor Scale, E_b, A_b, and B_b, are required—the Minor third, sixth and leading note. It frequently happens, however, that the progression between the Minor sixth and leading note, being found harsh in the ascending scale, the sixth is raised either by a sharp or natural, as may be required, which has the effect of producing a more melodious progression; but in the descending Scale, the Minor sixth is retained, the distance between the 8th and 7th being then a tone.

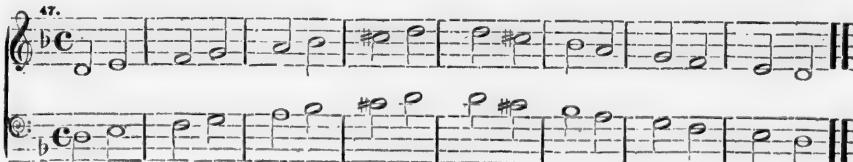


The Minor Scales are formed a Minor third below the Major, and are termed the *relative* Minors of the Major Scales, and *vice versa*, the relative Major keys a Minor third above. For example, the relative Minor of C is A, having neither sharp or flat for the signature. C Minor is the relative of E_b Major, bearing the signature of that key, B_b, E_b & A_b.

The \sharp , \flat , or \natural , belonging to the Minor keys is placed before the notes to be thereby affected, thus partaking of the nature of accidentals.

The following table shows the relative Minors of the different Major keys.

Signature.	Major Keys.	Minor Keys.	Sig.	Maj. Keys.	Min. Keys.	Sig.	Maj. Keys.	Min. Keys.
0	C.....	A	5 Sharps,	B.....	G#	3 Flats,	E.....	C
1 Sharp,	G.....	E	6 do,	F#.....	D#	4 do	A.....	F
2 do,	D.....	B	7 do,	C#.....	A#	5 do	D.....	Bb
3 do,	A.....	F#	1 Flat,	F.....	D	6 do	Gb.....	Eb
4 do,	E.....	C#	2 do,	Bb.....	G	7 do	Cb.....	Ab



46. *TREBLE. *m.f.* Largheito.*

ALTO.

*TENOR.—*Sax. Lower.**

BASS.

G. F. G.

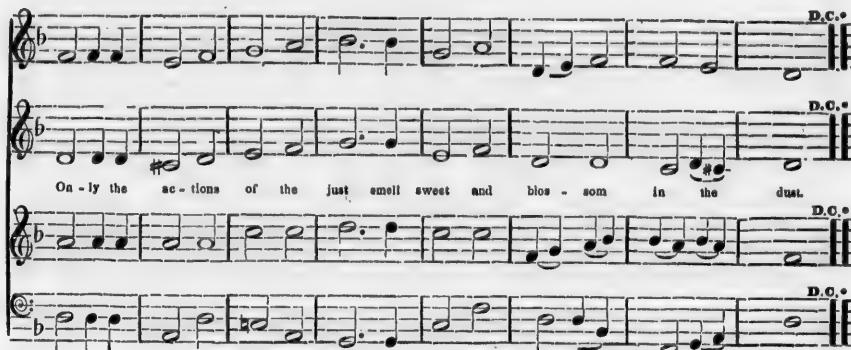
All must soon come to the cold, cold tomb, All must come soon, Must come, all must come, must come to the

all must come, all, all must

cold, the cold tomb. Only the actions of the just smell sweet and blos-som in the dust.

come to the cold tomb,

Only the actions of the just smell sweet, and blos-som in the dust,



LESSON X.

OF THE FORMATION OF CHORDS.—HARMONY.

Music consists of *melody* and *harmony*. Melody is the succession of single sounds, systematically arranged, producing what is called an air or tune. When a melody is accompanied by certain other sounds in agreement with it, the combination is called harmony. The result of a combination of sounds is either *concord* or *discord*. When a number of these sounds heard at the same moment produce an agreeable effect, they form a concord, or chord; if the effect be disagreeable, the union is discord. Each chord must consist of at least *three notes*, sounded together. Two notes sounded together is not a chord but simply an interval.

We are already familiar with the term interval, as also the intervals contained in the Diatonic Scale. But we know that every note may be raised or depressed by means of the ♯, ♪, ♫, ♪, ♫. This is also naturally possible with every interval; each of them admitting of *three or four* different kinds, distinguished by the terms *diminished*, *minor*, *major*, (or *perfect*), and *superfluous*.



The figures indicate the number of semitones composing each interval.

It will be observed that many of these intervals, though named differently, are equi-distant from each other, and are consequently one and the same sound. For example, the superfluous second and the minor third. This arises for one reason, because each interval requires for its accompaniment quite different notes which therefore form different chords. Such intervals are termed *Enharmonic*.

* D.C., or *Da Capo*, indicates that the first part must here be repeated, ending at the double bar, over which the pause is placed.

Intervals are divided into such as are *consonant* (or agreeable,) and *dissonant* (or disagreeable).

Consonant intervals are the perfect unison, major and minor third, perfect fifth, major and minor, sixth and the perfect octave. All others are dissonant. The unison, fifth, and octave, are also termed *perfect concords*, as they never change from Major to Minor, or vice versa; the third and sixth being liable to this change, are termed *imperfect concords*. Concords are also distinguished from discords, by the latter requiring a resolution; that is to say, that the dissonant interval must be resolved into a consonant one, and this resolution must naturally take place on a concord.

When any note with its third and fifth are sounded together they produce what is termed the *harmonic triad* or *common chord* of that note, the chord being Major or Minor, according to the nature of its third.

Major Triad. Minor Triad.

and when in four parts, the octave is added :

The octave, however, being but a repetition of the first or key note, there are only three notes of the harmony essentially different from one another; hence the name *triad*. The triad or common chord may be formed upon any note of the scale, as in the following example.

1st. 2nd. 3rd. 4th. 5th. 6th. 7th.

The chords upon the first, fourth and fifth notes of the scale, are called major, those upon the second, third and sixth, are minor, and the seventh, imperfect, being composed of the fundamental note, minor third, imperfect (diminished) fifth and octave.

The notes which form a chord, may be placed in three different positions. The following are the three positions of C.

1st position, 2nd position, 3rd position.

All the other chords may be written in the same manner. The perfect common chord admits also of two *inversions*, by which two less perfect, though still consonant chords originate. The inversion of a chord occurs when the Bass, instead of the root (or fundamental note), takes one of the other notes of which the chord consists.

1st inversion, 2nd inversion.

Per. Com. Chord. Chord of 6th. Ch. of 6th and 4th.

The chord of the 6th has also its three positions like the common chord.

1st pos. 2nd pos. 3rd pos.

The chord of the sixth and fourth, so named from its containing those intervals may be treated in the same manner.

The other principal chord is the chord of the Minor seventh, formed from the Bass note, its Major third, perfect fifth and Minor seventh, and consequently of *four* essential parts. It takes place on the fifth or *dominant** note of every scale. In C Major or Minor, it is formed by the notes G, B, D, F. It has the property of requiring a natural resolution into the perfect common chord. Ex :—

*It is necessary to learn that each degree of the Scale, Major or Minor, is also known by certain technical terms; the first degree or key note being termed the *tonic*; the fifth, the *dominant*; the third, the *median*; the Major seventh, the *leading note*; the sixth, (Major or Minor) the *sub-median*, and the fourth, the *sub-dominant*.

THE VOCAL TUTOR.



It has four positions, viz :



In addition to this, it has also three inversions, by which three different chords originate—the chord of the fifth and sixth, that of the sixth fourth and third, and the chord of the second.

Chord of the 7th, 6th and 5th, 6th, 4th, and 3rd, 2nd.



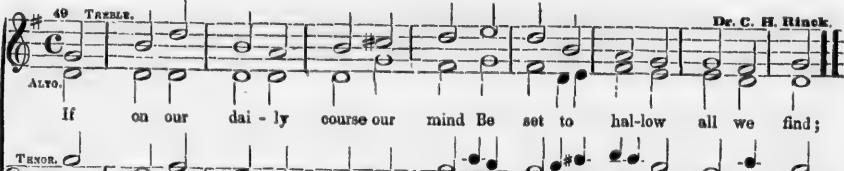
Each of these chords have also their different positions. Their natural resolution is likewise into the common chord. The chord of the second is resolved by one of the inversions of that chord.

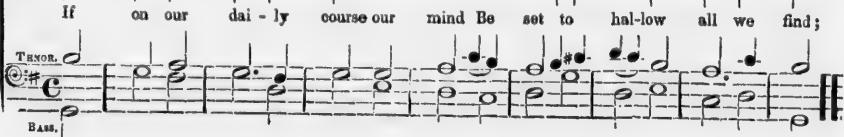
Of course there are several other chords—all, however, derived from those we have been considering—but it would be beyond the purposes of a Vocal Treatise to describe them minutely; the student is recommended to write down and transpose into all the keys, those above described, which will be of much assistance to him, and if an interest in the further prosecution of the study of harmony is by this means awakened in the pupil, the author will consider that he has realized the purpose to which this lesson has been devoted.

The following beautiful Chorale contains chords which have been described in the foregoing, and will serve as an example for the pupil to point them out.

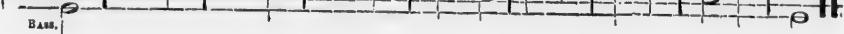
49. TUNING.

Dr. C. H. Rinck.

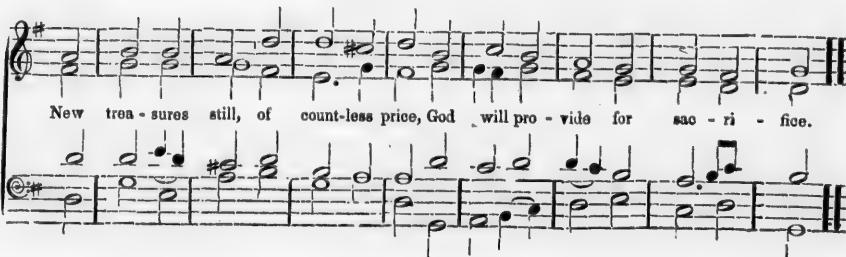
TREBLE. 

ALTO. 

THOR. 

BASS. 

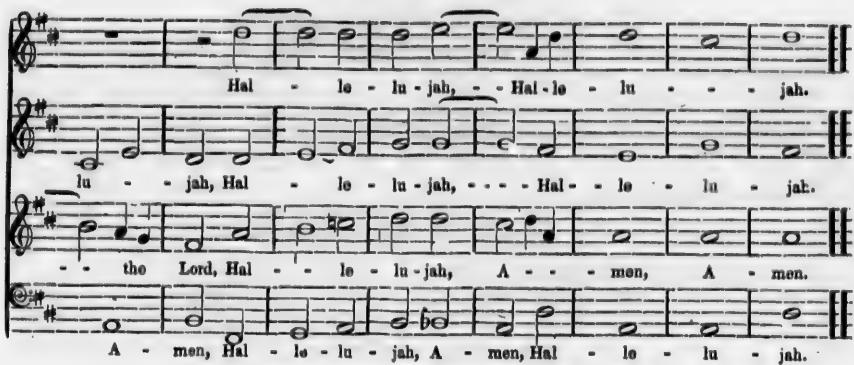
If on our dai-ly course our mind Be set to hal-low all we find;



New trea-sures still, of count-less price, God will pro-vide for sac-ri-fice.

LESSON XI. OF SYNCOPATED NOTES.

Occasionally we meet with passages in which the last note in the bar in one or more parts is connected with the same note in the next bar. Also the abbreviations *rf.* *fz.* *sf.* or the mark > are placed over or under the unaccented notes of a bar. In all these cases the accent is displaced, and falls on the unaccented notes. The effect thus produced, is what is understood by *syncopated* or *driving notes*.



LESSON XIII.

A FURTHER EXAMPLE OF THE FOREGOING.

61. *Allegro Moderato.* G. F. G.

If for-tune with a smi-ling face, Strew ro-ses on our way, When shall we stoop to

If love es-tranged should once a-gain, Her ge-nial smile display, When shall we kiss her

For virtuous acts and harmless joys, The mi-nutes will not stay; We've always time to

pick them up? To day my love, to day; But

prof-fered lips? To day, my love, to day, To day my love, to day, But

welcome them, To-day, to - day, my love, to - day, To day, my love, to day; But

To - day;

should she frown with face of care, And talk of com-ing sor - row, When shall we
 if she would in - dulge re-gret, Or dwell with by-gone sor - row, When shall we
 care, resentment, an - gry words, And un - a-vail - ing sor - row, Come far too
 grieve, if grieve we must? To morrow, love, to - mor - - row.
 weep, if weep we must? To morrow, love, to - mor - - row.
 soon, if they ap - pear To morrow, love, To mor-row, love, to - mor - - row.

LESSON XXX.

OF GRACE NOTES.

Ornamental notes, or embellishments, called Grace Notes, are sometimes used to heighten the effect and give expression to particular passages. The principal ones in common use are the *Appoggiatura*, *Passing* or *After-Note*, the *Turn*, and the *Shake*.

Ornamental notes of every description are always *slurred to*, and considered as parts of the notes they are connected with; consequently they are never reckoned in the division of the bars, but the time given to them in performance is always borrowed or taken from the principal ones they are intended to embellish.

The *Appoggiatura* is a small note placed *before*, and upon the next degree, either above or below a large one of longer duration; its chief use is to soften the effect of certain distances, or to avoid an apparent breach of the rules of harmony. Of this grace there are two species, the long and the short *Appoggiatura*. The difference consists in the placement of the *accent*, which in the case of the latter, falls upon the *Appoggiatura* itself, but in the former upon the succeeding note.

As written,



As sung.



The *Passing Note* is a small note placed after a larger note, and is always unaccented. Sometimes two or more are used.

PASSING NOTES.

As sung.

As written.



The *Turn* is expressive of a group of appoggiaturas, upper and lower, and consists of three notes, viz : the note upon which it is made, with the note above and usually the semitone below it. There are two kinds of turns, the *direct*, or *common turn* which begins with the note above, and the *inverted turn* which begins on the note below, both terminating with the principal note. The turn is sometimes expressed in small notes, but generally by the mark placed over the note.

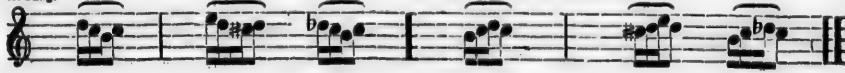
When the note upon which the turn is to be made is of short duration, it should commence with the turn ; but, when its duration will admit of it, and especially if it be a dotted note, then the note should first be heard, and the turn made in the middle or latter part of its time ; this is sometimes denoted by a dash through the mark . When a $\#$, b , \natural , is placed over or under the mark, it signifies that the highest or lowest note in the turn, according to the situation of the character, is to be sung sharp, flat or natural.

DIRECT TURNS.

As Written.



As sung.



INVERTED TURNS.

As written.



As Sung.



TURNS ON DOTTED AND SUSTAINED NOTES.

A *Shake* is denoted by a small *tr*, (abbreviated from the Italian word *trillo*) placed over a note ; and consists of a quick alternate repetition of that note with the note above it, put in equal motion, each being made very articulate, and continued during the principal part of the time or value of the note, and always terminating with it. The interval between the two notes of which a shake is formed, may be either a tone or a semitone, and it may begin with either the principal or accessory note ; as a general rule, however, the former is to be preferred, and the latter only adopted when indicated by a small note placed before the principal one.

There are different descriptions of shake: the *transient shake*, or *trill*,—a short, quick shake,—the *plain shake*, which, as its name implies, consists only of the two notes which form the shake; and the *perfect shake*, which ends with a turn, and is generally introduced at a pause or close.

PLAIN SHAKE.

TRANSIENT SHAKE.

PERFECT SHAKE.

The image shows a single staff of music with three different ways to play a sixteenth-note pattern. The first way, 'As Written.', shows a single sixteenth note with a 'tr' (trill) instruction above it. The second way, 'As Sung.', shows a sixteenth-note pattern with a 'tr' instruction above it. The third way, 'PERFECT SHAKE.', shows a sixteenth-note pattern with a 'tr' instruction above it, followed by a sixteenth note with a 'tr' instruction above it, and then a sixteenth note with a 'tr' instruction above it.

When the figure 3 is placed over three notes, they must be sung in the time of two. Five or six notes, with the figures 5 or 6 over them in the time of four.

lovely com - pan - ions, Are fa - ded and gone; No flow'r of her kindred, No
 rose - bud is nigh.... To re - flect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh.

LESSON XIV.

OF CHROMATIC PASSAGES.

The difference between the Diatonic and Chromatic Scale consists in the former being formed by a succession of tones and semitones, whilst the latter consists of semitones only, and contains, with its octave, thirteen sounds. The notes of which this scale is composed, or a part of them are occasionally used, and when such passages occur, they are termed *chromatic passages*, and usually ascend by sharps and descend by flats, though sometimes the harmony demands the contrary course.

THE CHROMATIC SCALE.

It will be well to bear in mind that a Chromatic semitone remains on the same degree; a diatonic semitone changes its degree and name; the enharmonic diesis (Referred to p. 28,) though (practically) the same in tone, differs in name. Mathematicians, however, show a difference of a *quarter tone* in this interval.

CHROMATIC SEMITONE.

DIATONIC SEMITONE.

ENHARMONIC DIESIS.

The following beautiful Quartet from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, "Quando Corpus," is a fine specimen of chromatic writing. Attention must be paid to the different marks of expression. *Sotto Voce* means in an *under tone*, very distinct, but equally *piano* throughout.

Rossini.

52. SOPRANO, 1^o. Andante.

SOPRANO 2^o

TENORE, SING LOWER.

BASSO.

When in When in

When in earth the flesh is ly - ing, flesh is ly - - - - ing, When in

When in earth the flesh is

earth the flesh is ly - ing, flesh is ly - - - - ing, When in earth the flesh is

earth the flesh is ly - ing, flesh is ly - - - - ing, When in earth the flesh is

earth the flesh is ly - ing, flesh is ly - - - - ing,

ly-ing, Let the wing - ed soul be fly - ing, let the soul be fly - ing, To the joys of

ly-ing, Let the wing - ed soul be fly - ing, let the soul be fly - ing, To the joys of

ly-ing, Let the wing - ed soul be fly - ing, let the soul be fly - ing,

Let the wing - ed soul be fly - ing, let the soul be fly - ing,

Sotto Voce.

Par - - a - dise ! When in earth the flesh is
Sotto Voce.

Par - - a - dise ! When in earth the flesh is
Sotto Voce.

To the joys of Par - - a - dise ! When in earth the flesh is
Sotto Voce.

To the joys of Par - - a - dise ! When in earth the flesh is
Sotto Voce.

ly-ing, Let the soul be fly-ing, Let the soul be fly-ing, To the joys of Par - - a - dise.
pp

ly-ing, Let the soul be fly-ing, Let the soul be fly-ing, To the joys of Par - - a - dise.

ly-ing, Let the soul be fly-ing, Let the soul be fly-ing, To the joys of Par - - a - dise.
pp

ly-ing, Let the soul be fly-ing, Let the soul be fly-ing, To the joys of Par - - a - dise.

Sotto Voce.

When the flesh in earth is ly-ing, Let the wing-ed soul be
Sotto Voce.

When the flesh in earth is ly-ing, Let the wing-ed soul be
Sotto Voce.

When the flesh in earth is ly-ing, Let the wing-ed soul be
Sotto Voce.

When the flesh in earth is ly-ing, Let the wing-ed soul be

fly-ing, To the joys of Par - a - dise, *Sotto Voce.*
 When in earth the flesh is
 fly-ing, To the joys of Par - a - dise, *Sotto Voce.*
 When in earth the flesh is
 fly-ing, To the joys of Par - a - dise. When in earth the flesh is
 fly-ing, To the joys of Par - a - dise. When in earth the flesh is

lying, Let the soul be flying, Let the soul be fly-ing, To the joys of Par - a -
 lying, Let the soul be flying, Let the soul be fly-ing, To the joys of Par - a -
 lying, Let the soul be flying, Let the soul be fly-ing, To the joys of Par - a -
 lying, Let the soul be flying, Let the soul be fly-ing, To the joys of Par - a -

die, When in earth the flesh is lying, Let the winged soul be fly - ing, Let the winged
 die, When in earth the flesh is lying, Let the wing - ed soul be fly - ing, Let the winged
 die, When in earth the flesh is lying, Let the wing - ed soul be fly - ing, Let the winged
 die, When in earth the flesh is lying, Let the wing - ed soul be fly - ing, Let the winged

LESSON XV.

OF IMITATION, CANON, FUGUE, &c.

Imitation exists when two or more parts take the same melody one after another, beginning on the same or another degree, either throughout the piece, or for a certain number of bars. Canons exemplify the former; fugues and imitation points, the latter. Here follows a well known Canon by Byrd, in three parts. The treble and bass are in unison, the tenor a fourth below the treble.

W. Byrd, 1580.

54 TREBLE. Alla Breve.

2nd TREBLE, Sec loiter.

NON no - bis Do - mi . nenon no - bis, sed

TENOR.

Non no - bis, Do - mi - ne, non no - bis,

BASS.

Non no - bis, Do - mi - ne, non

no - mi - ni tu - o da glo - ri - am, sed no - mi - ni

sed no - mi - ni tu - o da glo - ri - am, sed

no - bis, sed no - mi - ni tu - o da glo - ri - am,

To be repeated three times.

tu - o da glo - ri - am, non no - bis, Do - mi - ne.

no - mi - ni tu - o da glo - ri - am, non no - bis, Do - mi - ne,

am, sed no - mi - ni tu - o da glo - ri - am, non.

LESSON XVI.

CONTINUATION OF THE FOREGOING LESSON.—FUGUE.

55. *Allegro Moderato.* Drobisch.

Et nar - ra - bo o - pe-ra Do - mi - ni, nar - ra - bo,

Et nar - ra - bo o - pe-ra Do - mi - ni, et nar - ra - bo,

bo o - pe-ra Do - mi - ni, nar - ra - bo, Et nar - ra - bo,

bo, Et nar - ra - bo, Et nar - ra - bo,

Et nar - ra - bo o - pe-ra Do - mi - ni, nar - ra - bo, et nar - ra - bo, nar - ra - bo,

Et nar - ra - bo o - pe-ra Do - mi - ni, mi - ni, nar - ra - bo o - pe-ra Do - mi - ni, nar - ra - bo,

Et nar - ra - bo, nar - ra - bo, Et nar - ra - bo

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bo o - pe - ra Do - mi -
bo o - pe - ra Do - mi -
bo o - pe - ra Do - mi -
o - pe - ra Do - mi -

ni, et nar - ra - bo, nar - ra - bo o - pe - ra Do - mi - ni, nar - ra - bo, nar -
ni, et nar - ra - bo, nar - ra - bo o - pe - ra Do - mi - ni, nar - ra - bo, nar -
ni, et nar - ra - bo, nar - ra - bo o - pe - ra Do - mi - ni, nar - ra - bo, nar -
ni, et nar - ra - bo, nar - ra - bo o - pe - ra Do - mi - ni, nar - ra - bo, nar -

ra - bo o - pe - ra Do - mi - ni, o - pe - ra Do - mi - ni.
ra - bo o - pe - ra Do - mi - ni, o - pe - ra Do - mi - ni.
ra - bo o - pe - ra Do - mi - ni, o - pe - ra Do - mi - ni.
ra - bo o - pe - ra Do - mi - ni, o - pe - ra Do - mi - ni.

EXPLANATION OF MUSICAL TERMS.

The Time and Style in which a piece of music is to be performed is usually denoted at the beginning by Italian, French, or other words, and the expression or effect intended to be given to particular notes or passages as they occur in the piece, by *abbreviated words* or certain signs, some of which have already been referred to and used in this work. The following are some of the terms most commonly used:—

Words indicating the Degrees of Movement.

GRAVE, extremely slow and sedate; the slowest time.
 LARGO, very slow and measured.
 LENTO, slow and sustained.
 LARGHETTO, somewhat less slow, yet very extended.
 ADAGIO, slow and expressive.
 ANDANTINO, progressing with a tolerably slow pace.
 ANDANTE, slow and distinct.
 MODERATO, moderately quick.
 ALLEGRETTO, lively, cheerful.
 ALLEGRO, quick and lively, but without precipitation.
 VIVACE, with animation and warmth.
 PRESTO, very quick and vivacious.
 PRESTISSIMO, as fast as possible; the quickest time.
 ALLA BREVE, a quick species of common time. It is denoted by the mark  having a line drawn through it, or a plain , and in many American works by the figures $\frac{2}{4}$. In the first instance it usually contains four minims—the value of a breve—in each bar, in the latter, two only, with two beats in a bar.

Words relating to Expression and Style.

ABANDON, *g. p.*, } with self abandonment, despondingly.
 ABANDONO, *con*, }
 A BATTUTA, in strict time.
 A BENE PIACITO, at pleasure as to time.
 ACCELERANDO, gradually quicken the time.
 ACCENTUARE, to accentuate.
 AD LIBITUM, or A PIACERE, at the performer's pleasure.
 AFFANOSO, *con*, with mournful expression.
 AFFETTUOSO, tenderly; with pathos.
 AFFRETTOANDO, hurrying the time.
 AGITATO, agitated; impassioned.
 AMORE, *con*, affectionately, tenderly.
 ASSAI, or MOLTO, very; as, *Allegro Assai*, very quick.
 A TEMPO, or *TEM.*, in the original time prescribed.
 BRIOSO, *con*, with brilliancy and spirit.
 CALANDO, gradually softer and slower.
 CANTABILE, smoothly; in a singing style.
 CHE, than; as *poco piu lento che andante*, rather slower than *Andante*.
 COMMODO, composedly.
 CON, with; as *Con affetto*, in an affecting manner.
 CON MOTO, with emotion, agitation.
 CORO, in chorus.
 CRESCENDO, or *CRES.*, with gradually increasing power.
 DECRESCENDO, or *DECRES.*, } With a gradual decrease in
 DIMINUENDO, or *LIJM.*, } power of tone.
 DEVOCIONE, *con*, devoutly; with religious feeling.
 DOLCE, or *DOL.*, softly, sweetly.
 ESPRESSIONE, *con*, with expression.
 FORTE, *for.* or *f.*, loud.
 FORTE & PIANO, or *fp*, over a single note implies a very strong accent.

FORTISSIMO, or *f.*, very loud.
 FORZANDO, SFORZANDO, or *fz*, *sfz*, or *sf*, with force and emphasis.
 FUOCO, with fire and animation.
 GIUSTO, just; in strict or exact time.
 GIAZIOSO, in a flowing and graceful style.
 GUSTO, *con*, with taste; elegantly.
 LEGATO, in a smooth and connected manner.
 LENTANDO, with increasing slowness.
 MAESTOSO, with grandeur and dignity.
 MANCANDO, or MORENDO, gradually slower and softer; dying away.
 MARGATO, in a marked and emphatic manner.
 MEN, or *MENO*, less; as *men presto*, less quick.
 MEZZO VOCE, in a subdued tone.
 MEZZO FORTE, or *mf*, rather loud.
 MEZZO PIANO, or *mp*, rather soft.
 MEZZO STACCATO is implied when a slur is placed over the dots, thus:  A crotchet over which this mark is placed must be sung as a dotted quaver, other notes in the same proportion.
 MOLLEMENTE, softly, effeminately.
 MOSSO, hastily; with motion, as *piu mosso*, with more motion, quicker; *meno mosso*, with less motion, slower.
 NON TROPPO, not too much, not very; as *non troppo allegro*, not too quick.
 PIANISSIMO, or *pp*, extremely soft; PIANO, or *p*, soft.
 PIACEVOLI, agreeably, in a pleasing and graceful manner.
 PIU, more, very; as *piu lento*, slower.
 Poco, a little, rather, somewhat; as *poco animato*, rather animated.
 Poco a Poco, by degrees; gradually.
 PORTANDO LA VOCE, sustaining the voice.
 PORTAMENTO, gliding from one note to another.
 RALLENTANDO OR RITARDANDO, diminishing the speed.
 RINFORZANDO, or *rinf.*, *rfz*, *rf*, with additional tone and emphasis.
 RITENUTO, restraining, or holding back the time.
 SCHERZANDO, in a light, playful manner.
 SEMPRE, always; as *sempre forte*, always loud.
 SMORZANDO, or *smorz.*, gradual diminution of tone; smothered.
 SOAVEMENTE, with a soft, sweet, and delicate expression.
 SOLI, a single voice to each part.
 SOLO, a composition or passage for a single voice.
 SOSTENUTO, sustain the notes.
 SPIRITO, *con*, with spirit.
 STINGUENDO, gradually diminish the tone.
 STRINGENDO, hurrying forward; faster and faster.
 SUAVITA, *con*, with sweetness and delicacy.
 TANTO, not so much.
 TENUTO, or *TEM.*, sustain the notes their full time.
 TUTTI, all the parts together; in chorus.
 UNISONI, in unison, or octaves.

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TEMPTATION, C. P. M.

3

Slow and not loud.

1. Come, bound - less wis - dom, power di - vine, And shed thine in - flu - ence be - sign,

2. Then drunkards shall from sleep a - wake, In tem - pe - rance at once for - sake,
3. Tho' pledg'd to ab - sti - nence, they may, Thro' much tempta - tion fall a - way,

4. On thee for strength may they de - pend, Find thee while here their steadfast friend,

On all as - sem - bled here; Do thou our fee - ble ef - forte own,

And seek thy pard'n - ing love, Shall sen - sual pleasures hence - forth a. rn,
Un - less up - hold by grace, Oh, save them from the tempt - or's un. q,

And then to glo - ry rise, Where all the saved in bliss shall meet,

Wa - ter the seed of tem - p'rancs sown, Let gracieous fruits ap - pear,

The ways of sa - cred truth a - born, Till call'd to reign a - bove,
Help them to keep their pledgo with care, Be thou their hi - ding place.

And cast their crowns at Je - sus' feet; Far, far a - bove the skies.

NAE LUCK ABOOT THE HOUSE.

Arranged for Four Voices by F. OLIVER, P.D.G.W.P.C.T.

1. And has my Co-lin ta'en the pledge? And are ye sure its true? There's nae a blyth - or
 I wat there's few mair leal or free Than Co-lin in the lan', Its on - ly for the

Chorus.

wed-ded wife This night in Wa-ter-loo. For there's nae luck a - bood the house, There
 "har-ley bree" I'd feut my ane gude - man.}

is nae luck a - va; There's lit - tle plea - sure in the house When al - co - hol gies law.

OUR FLAG.

5



1. Fling a - broad its folds to the cool - ing breeze, Let it float at the mast-head high; And gath-er a-round all



2. That ban-ner pro-claims to the list-ning earth, That the reign of the ty-rant is o'er, The gall-ing chain of the



3. Then on high, on high let that ban-ner wave, And lead us the foe to meet, Let it float in triumph



hearts re-solv'd, To sus - tain it there or die, An em - blem of peace and hope to the world, Un -
Pla.



mon-ster rum, Shall en-slave man-kind no more. An em - blem of hope to the poor and lost, O
Pla.



o'er our heads, Or be our wind-ing sheet; And nev - er, oh, nev - er be it sur-pi-d, Till it



stained let it ev-er bo; And say to the world where - e'er it waves, Our flag is the flag of the free!



place it where all may see; And shout with glad voice as you raise it high, Our flag is the flag of the free!



wave o'er earth and sea; And all man-kind shall swell the shout, Our flag is the flag of the free!



THE WHINE CUP.—Quartette.

From the American Musical Review.

Not too fast, but in the declamatory style.

I'll quaff the spark-ling wine said Health, It gives new light to the soul, And

wit will flash like gems of wealth, As it yields to its high con-trol; Ah! he drank; disease had touch'd the cup, And

fe-ver burned each vein, In poison wit was swallow'd up, And mad-ness consum'd the brain.

I'll quaff the sparkling wine, said Health,
It gives new light to the soul,
And wit will flash like gems of wealth,
As it yields to its high control :
Ah! he drank ; disease had touch'd the cup,
And fever burned each vein,
In poison wit was swallow'd up,
And madness consum'd the brain.

Beauty came next, with rose-hu'd lips,
And love-light in her eye ;
She bent o'er tempting fount to sip,
And gather new brilliancy ;
Ah ! but poison was mingl'd with its waves,
A poison that cannot fail,
And her eye droop'd like the eye of slaves,
And her lip grew thin and pale.

And Youth, in untaught gladness, sprang
Like eagle in its flight,
And laugh-like music breathings rang,
As he quaff'd the nectar bright ;
Ah ! he drank, and the poison reach'd his heart,
Ah ! he bow'd his feeble head,
And turn'd in shame from the world apart—
The life of his soul had fled.

And Love, with soft, caressing tone—
With warm persuasive lip,
And a glance that none but Love hath known,
O'er the chalice bent to sip :
Ah ! his tone was vile as he turn'd away,
And his lip with passion burn'd,
And his glance fell 'neath the light of day,
And virtue his presence spurn'd.

With lofty brow, and eye of flame,
An eagle heart within,
Genius stood forth in garb of fame,
Where the tempter sought to win ;
Ah ! he drank, and the mighty soul bow'd down
Like a tree beneath the blast,
And the lofty name, and the laurel crown,
In the syren cup were cast.

O God ! how long shall deadly flood
O'erwhelm our glorious land ?
Up, slaggard up, lest brother's blood
Be demand'd at thy hand ;
Ah ! up, up, thou of the sleeping heart,
Arise, with new life warmed ;
THY GOD IS LOVE, go forth—thou art
"In God's own image form'd."

BRUNKARDE'S SONG OF HOME.

Quartetto. Switzer's Song of Home.

1 Where, oh where thou worse than ae - mon. Where are all the friends thou'st

2 Give me back my gen - tie mo - ther; No! to me she ne'er will

3 Thou hast stol - en ev' - ry treasurg, Robb'd me of my dear - est

4 Ev' - ry joy and hope thou'st tak - en, Lone - ly o'er the earth I

stain, Oh make me once a - gain a free - man,

com, Give me my sis - ter and my bro - ther;

friends; Too long o'er me hast rul'd with plea - sure,

roam; Ry friends and kin - dred all for - sak - on,

Give me all I've lost a - gain, Give me all I've lost a - gain.

Give, oh give me back my home. . . . Now thy pow - er ev - er ends. . . .

Fast I seek my si - lent home. . . . Fast I seek my si - lent home.

THE SWITZER'S SONG OF HOME.

9

Why, ah ! why my heart this sadness?
Why, 'mid scenes like these decline ?
Where all, though strange, is joy and gladness,
Oh ! say, what wish can yet be thine ?

All that's dear to me is wanting,
Lone and cheerless here I roam ;
The stranger's joys howe'er enchanting,
Can never be to me like home.

Give me those, I ask no other,
Those that bless the humble dome,
Where dwell my father and my mother,
Oh ! give me back my native home !

WASHINGTONIAN SONG OF THE REDEEMED.

We come ! we come, that have been held
In burning chains so long,
We're up ! and on we come a host
Full fifty thousand strong.
The chains we've snapped, that held us round
The Wine-vat and the Still ;—
Snapped by a blow—nay, by a word,
That mighty word I WILL !

And on—and on—a levelling host
Of temperance men we come,
Contemning and defying all
The powers and priests of rum ;
A host redeemed, who've drawn the sword,
And sharpened up its edge,
And hewn our way, through hostile ranks,
To the teetotal pledge.

To God be thanks, who pours us out
Cold water from his hills,
In crystal springs and babbling brooks,
In lakes and sparkling rills !
From these to quench our thirst we come,
With Freeman's shout and song ;
A host already numbering more
Than fifty thousand strong.

CELEBRATION.

*Suitable for Anniversaries of Rechabites or Sons of Temperance.**Allegretto.*

1. Dear as - so - ciates, here in peace as - sem - bl'd,

2. What by heav'n - ly har - mo - ny's u - nit - ed.

3. Strong the spell by which sweet song can bind us,

4. There - fore let us, dear as so - ciates, ev - er

Mu - sic's kin - dred, cor - dial hap - py throng, Deep en-shrin'd with - in this

Firm-ly holds its tie and will not part, Like as tones com-bine them -

Strong the gold-en chain by which it leads, High it lifts af - fec - tion's

Love with song to make the wel - kin ring; Let us now in so - cial

hal - low'd tem - ple Which be - fore has peal'd the as - cred song:

selves to - gether, So does heart u - nite it - self to heart;

cor - dial feeling, Brave it makes the heart for no - ble deeds,

song u - nit - ed, Loud in mu - sic give our hearts the wing!

Let us now in sweet and cor - dial un - ion. Hold a
P.

E - ven those whom mu - tal hate is fir - - - ing. Oh this
P.

Quells the dark - ly roll - ing surge of sor - - rows, Smooths the
 Ev - er shall our souls this sea - son che - - - rish, Yes, its

Cres.

festive hour of kind com - mun - ion; Now while far from world - ly cares we
 Cres.

pow'r is found with love in - spir - ing: Storms of wrath from all their rag - ing
 Cres.

tor - vous fore head's frowning fur - rows, Of - ten makes the grate - ful song of
 sweet remembrance shall not pa - rish: Where - so - e'er on earth our lot may
 Cres.

flee, Let us ce - lo - brate sweet har - - mo - ny.
F

cease; Pas - sion dies and all is hush'd to peace.
F

joy, Oft al - lays the ills that life bar - an mo - ny.
 be, Ev - er will we love sweet bar - an mo - ny.
F

HAPPY NOT THE WHIe CUP.---Quartette.

J. W. Carpenter.

Oh! soft sleeps the hills in their sun-ny re - pose, In the lands of the south where the
 vine gall-y grows; And blith-some the hearts of the vin-tag-ers be, In the grape pur-ple vales, In the Isles of the sea.

GARWOOD. MP. MM.

Wa-ter is best for the man of health, 'Twill keep his strength se-cure : Wa-ter is best for the man of wealth, 'Twill keep his riches sure.

Water is best for the feeble man,
 'Twill make his health improve ;
 Water is best for the poor, I ken,
 'Twill make his wants remove.

Water is best for the man of state,
 'Twill make his judgment true ;
 Water is best for those who wait,
 His high commands to do.

LIFT NOT THE WINE-CUP.

13

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red."—Prov.

O! soft sleep the hills in their sunny repose,
In the lands of the south where the vine gaily grows ;
And blithesome the hearts of the vintagers be,
In the grape purple vales, in the Isles of the sea.

And fair is the wine when its splendour is poured
'Mid silver and gold round the festival board,
When the magic of music awakes in its power,
And wit guilds the fast falling sands of the hour.

Yet lift not the wine-cup though pleasure may swim
'Mid the bubbles that flash round its roseate brim ;
For dark in the depths of the fountain below,
Lurk the sirens that lure to the vortex of wo.

They have led the gay spirit of childhood astray,
While it dreamed not of wiles on its radiant way ;
And the soft cheek of beauty they've paled in its bloom,
And quenched her bright eyes in the damps of the tomb.

They have torn the live wreath from the brow of the brave,
And changed his proud heart to the heart of a slave ;
And e'en the fair fame of the good and the just,
With the grey hairs of age, they have trod to the dust.

Then lift not the wine-cup, though pleasure may swim
Like an angel of light round its roseate brim :
For dark in the depths of the fountain below,
Lurk the sirens that lure to the vortex of wo.

14 THE TEMPERANCE CALL. Quartette and Chorus.

m. slowly. Cres.

1. Flow - ers with fra - grace fill the balmy air, . . . As night de - scends in si - lence to re - pose:

2. Come, then, re - joice, my dear compan - ions come! 'Neath temp'rance skies till morn is bright a - bove; Cres.

3. Come, fa - ther, bro - ther, comrade dear, O come, Ac - cept the pledge, the pledge we offer now;

Cres. dim.

The lake is still, the sky is bright and clear, And now the day in glory seems to close.

And the sweet cho - rus of the mountain wild Return these notes of Temperance and love. Cres. Dim.

Re - joice, re - joice, but trust in Pro - vi - dence, Heav'n keep you safe, thro' all earth's toil and woe.

Chorus. 2d Time $\frac{4}{4}$.

Swell, swell the song, Swell, swell the theme, the theme of Temp'rance o'er the land, loud and long.

Swell, swell the theme, Swell, swell the song, Swell the theme of Temp'rance o'er the land loud and long. Chorus. 2d Time $\frac{4}{4}$.

Swell, swell the song, Swell, swell the theme, the theme of Temp'rance o'er the land loud and long.

THE DRUNKARD'S FAREWELL.

Music—"Watchman! tell us of the night."

Arranged for the "Advocate" by L. F. LEACH, Dunham, C. E.

15

Treble.

1. Fare - well drink so nigh and han - dy, Fare - well rum and gin and bran - dy,
 2. Fare - well face as red as crimson, Fare - well hats that have no rims on,
 3. Fare - well drink - ing lads and lass - es, Fare - well windows without glass - es,

Tenor.

Fare - well huts that see all weathers, Fare - well beds that have no fea - thers,
 Fare - well coate, more holes than stitches, Fare - well rag - ged vest and breeches,
 Fare - well floors that need a swab file, Fare - well yards that have no wood pile,

Treble.

Fare - well ways that I've for - sa - ken, Fare - well tubs that have no ba - con,
 Fare - well brok - on chairs and ts - blos, Fare - well dwellings worse than sta - bite,
 Fare - well bonds that I have bro - ken, Fare - well oaths that I have spok - en,

Tenor.

Farewell emp - ty pots and ket - tles, Fare - well cupboards that have no "vitals,"
 Farewell drunken song and ca - rol, Fare - well friends that love the bar - rel,
 Farewell landlords and bar - ten - ders, Far - ewell all blue - devil sen - ders.

Chorus for last stanza.

Farewell landl - ords and bar - tenders, Farewell all blue - devil senders, Farewell all blue - devi - l senders

SCOUNDRE, SCOUNDRE, SCOUNDRE. TEMPERANCE QUARTETTE.

The Air must be sung by one or more voices, while the Chorus will sing an accompaniment to it, using the tra la la in a soft, subdued, and connected manner.

Lively, 7

Sound, sound, sound. Tra la la, tra la la, tra la la la la la la.

A blank musical staff consisting of five horizontal lines and four spaces, intended for writing musical notes.

Sound, sound, sound. 1. Sound the strain, the notes pro - long, Joy - ful be the lay and song,
Sound, sound, sound. 2. Now so high, and then so low, Sweet - ly munnuring as we go,

Sound, sound, sound. Tra la la, tra la la, tra la la la la la la la,

A musical score for 'Tra la la' on a single staff. The lyrics are: tra la la. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The score is in common time and includes a repeat sign with a '2' above it, indicating a repeat of the previous section.

Bob - oing far in num - bers sweet, **Temp'rance** is the theme ; **Pour - ing out from** hill and dell,
Bob - oing far in num - hers sweet, **Temp'rance** is the theme ; **Hew the heart swells** at the sight,

A musical score for 'Tra la la' featuring a vocal line and a piano-vocal staff. The vocal line consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes with lyrics 'tra la la' repeated. The piano-vocal staff shows a bass line with eighth notes and a treble line with eighth and sixteenth notes, with a dynamic instruction 'p' (piano) above the staff.

A musical score for a vocal line. The lyrics 'tra la la la' are repeated four times. The first three repetitions are in a soprano range, and the fourth is in a lower soprano or alto range. The music consists of a single melodic line on a staff with a common time signature. The notes are primarily eighth notes, with some sixteenth notes and quarter notes. The vocal line is supported by a harmonic progression of chords: C major, G major, C major, G major, C major, G major, C major, G major. The lyrics are written below the staff.

See the streamlet spark - ling swell, Rich-er far than gol - den ore Drawn from earth's deep
As we see that right is might, Swell the song your notes pro - long. In a grate - ful
mine, song.

A musical score for a vocal line, likely a solo or lead part. The lyrics are: "tra la la la, la la la, tra la la, tra la la la la la." The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth note patterns in a common time signature. The vocal line is supported by a harmonic background consisting of sustained notes and simple chords.

THIRTY EXCUSES FOR DRINKING.

17

Some drink because they're hungry,
And some because they're dry;
Some drink to keep them in good health,
And some that they may die.

Some drink because they are too hot,
And some because they're cold;
Some drink to strengthen them when young,
And some when they are old.

Some drink to keep them wide awake,
And some to make them sleep;
Some drink because they merry are,
And some because they weep.

Some drink when they do money gain,
And some because of loss;
Some drink when they are pleased,
And others when they're cross.

Some drink when they are hard at work,
And some when they do play;
Some think it right to drink at night,
While others drink by day,

Some drink for sake of company,
While others drink more sly;
And many drink, but never think
About the reason why.

Some drink when they a bargain make,
Some when they money pay:
Both when they buy, and when they sell,
They drink good luck to-day.

Some say they drink for pleasure,
And some they drink for pain;
Some say 'tis good, some very bad,
But never once refrain.

But all must own the proverb right,
When iron's hot to strike it;
I've just found out the reason why—
All drink because they like it.

SPEAK GENTLY TO THE ERRING.

Speak gently to the erring—

Ye know not all the power
With which the dark temptation came
In some unguarded hour :
Ye may not know how earnestly
They struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came,
And sadly thus they fell.

Speak gently of the erring—

Oh ! do not thou forget,
However darkly stain'd by sin,
He is thy brother yet.
Heir of the self-same heritage,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak kindly to the erring—

For is it not enough
That innocence and peace are gone,
Without thy censure rough ?
It surely is a weary lot
That sin-crushed heart to bear ;
And they who share a happier fate
Their chidings well may spare.

Speak kindly to the erring—

Thou yet may'st lead him back
With holy words and tones of love
From misery's thorny track ;
Forget not thou hast often sinn'd,
And sinful yet must be ;
Deal kindly with the erring one,
As God hath dealt with thee.

SPEAK GENTLY TO THEERRING. 19

QUARTETTE.—Poetry by F. O. Lee.

Honestly, with strong accent.

1. Speak gent - ly to the err - ing—Ye know not all the power With which the dark temp-
ta - tion, came In some un - guard - ed hour: Ye may not know how ear - nest - ly They
strug - gled, or how well, Un - til the hour of weak - ness came, And sad - ly thus they fell.

THOU SPARKLING BOWL.

TUNE—"Brighton."

Thou spark-ling bowl! Thou spark-ling bowl! Though lips of bards thy brim may press,

And eyes of beau-ty o'er thee roll, And song, and dance, thy pow'r con-fess;

I will not touch thee; for there clings A scor-pion to thy side that stings!

Thou sparkling bowl! Thou sparkling bowl!
Though lips of bards thy brim may press,
And eyes of beauty o'er thee roll,
And song and dance thy power confess;
I will not touch thee; for there clings
A scorpion to thy side that stings!

Thou crystal glass! like Eden's tree,
Thy melted ruby tempts the eye,
And, as from that, there comes from thee,
The voice "Thou shalt not surely die,"
I dare not lift thy liquid gem:
A snake is twisted round thy stem!

Thou liquid fire! like that which glow'd,
For Paul, upon Melita's shore,
Thou'st been upon my guests bestow'd;
But thou shalt warm my house no more,
For wheresoe'er thy radiance falls,
Forth from thy heat a viper crawls!

What though of gold the goblet be,
Emboss'd with branches of the vine,
Beneath whose burnish'd leaves we see
Such clusters as poured out the wine;
Among these leaves an adder hangs!
I fear him; for I've felt his fangs.

The Hebrew, who the desert trod,
And felt the fiery serpent's bite,
Looked up to the ordain'd of God,
And found that life was in the sight.
And so the drunkard's fiery veins
Cool when he drinks what God ordains.

Ye gracious clouds! ye deep cold wells!
Ye gems from mossy rocks that dip!
Springs that from earth's mysterious cells
Gush o'er your granite basin's lip!
To you I look:—your largess give,
And I will drink of you and live.

COME, COME AWAY.

Allegro.—1st and 2d Tenor.

Music from the German.



1. O come, come a-way, In - tem-per-ance for aking, The poison cup surrend' er up, O come, come away; Dis-



2. When sparkleth the wine, When reddeneh the col - or, Then lift not up the fatal cup, But turn, turn away; Look



ease and death are in the bowl, And swift destruction to the soul; Then from its base control, O come, come away.



not up-on it then, forsooth, It bit-eth like a ser-pent's tooth, Old age and blooming youth, O come, come away.



3. When sweet temperance,
Wife, husband, children blessing,
With evening songs her note prolongs
O come, come away;
For surer far is he to cure
His ill whose drink is water pure,
And life's toils well endure,
Then come, come away.

4. Away to the polis,
Old men and young advancing,
With nerves of steel and hearts that feel,
O come, come away;
Like freemen take a noble stand,
A true and faithful temp'rance band,
And vote Rum from the land,
O come, come away!

Words by W. E. Hickson.

Oh come, come away,
From labor now reposing,
Let busy care awhile forbear,
 Oh come, come away.
Come, come our social joys renew,
And there where Trust and Friendship grew,
Let true hearts welcome you,
 Oh come, come away.

From toil and the cares
On which the day is closing,
The hour of eve, brings sweet reprieve,
 Oh come, come away.
Oh come where love will smile on thee,
And round its hearth will gladness be,
And time fly merrily,
 Oh come, come away.

While sweet Philomel
The weary trav'ler cheering,
With evening song, her notes prolong,
 Oh come, come away.
In answering song of sympathy
We'll sing in tuneful harmony,
Of Hope, Joy, Liberty,
 Oh come, come away.

The bright day is gone,
The moon and stars appearing,
With silver light, illume the night,
 Oh come, come away.
We'll join in grateful songs of praise,
To Him who crowns our peaceful days,
With Health, Hope, Happiness,
 Oh come, come away.

THE CHARIOT OF TEMPERANCE.

SOLO—*Soprano or Tenor.*Music—*Roll on Silver Moon.*

1 The cha - riot of temp' - rance is roll - ing a - long, Vic - to - rious o'er earth and o'er
 2 Base al - co - hol flies as it rolls on its way, Dis - pens - ing its bles-sings a -
 3 No more shall Col - lum - bi - a weep for the slain, Borne down on in - temp' - rance's
 4 Oh no! for the bright and the glo - ri - ous car Of temp' - rance is speed - ing its
 5 Then re - joice, then re - joice in a glo - ri - ous strain, Join all send the cho - rus a -



sea; And the land that in - temp' - rance has rul - ed so long, Re - joice that a - gain they are free;
 round, With shouts of re - joic-ing all wel-come the day, And the hea - vens re - ech - o the sound.
 tide, And no more shall we fol - low in sor - row - ful train Her sons who as drunk - ards have died.
 way; And from north to the south they are hail - ing the star That is shed - ing its beau - te - ous ray,
 round; Let it e - cho from val - ley, from moun - tain and plain, Till from pole to pole it shall sound.

Chorus to Each Verse.



Roll on temp' - rance cha - riot, tri - um - phantly roll, Vic - to - rious o'er earth and o'er



Cresc.

Dim.



sea; Till the curse of in - temp' - rance for e - ver is gone, And the last poor in - e-briate is free.

Cresc.



THE SOLILOQUY OF AN OLD COAL HORSE AT A TOLL-BAR.

25

Alas ! and maun I stand and chitter,
A' nicht aneath the blast see bitter,
Which drives like fury out the east,
Eneuch to kill the strongest beast,
Whilst thaile wretches curse and drink,
And spend like fools their hard-won clink ?
O, had I but the power of speech,
A better lesson I wad teach,
And learn them how to ware their cash
On something better than sic trash.

As fac's I'm here, I often wonder,
While I at toll-bars stand an' ponder,
To hear them roar, an' lauch, an' crack—
Hail thirty hunder on my back—
What kind o' hearts they haes ava,
That winna rise and ca' awa ;
Fu' weel they ken they should be name,
An' ken I haes a hungry wame ;
Except a rive o' coarse wheat strae,
I haena got a bite the day.

Aft do I ferlie how I trail,
Wi' thirty hunder at my tail,
And how I drag, baith late an' soon,
This meagre body out an' in ;
But this affliction canna dree,
For soon I'll tak the bats and dee,
An' finish a' my wardly strife
Aneath some friendly tanner's knife.

They'll grunt an' grane when I am dead,
To get anither i' my stead ;
But drinkin' wi' their drucken core,
There's no a farden to the fore,
For every thing's on whisky spent,
An' no a rap for house or rent.
What's to be done in this condition ?
Why, try to raise a contribution,
Wi' mournfu' tale about the horse—
The starvin' family, which is worse—
The neighbours' feelings they excite,
To help them to mak a' things richt.

Belyve they do as muckle mak,
As buys some worn-out spavined hake,
Richt soon to gang the very gate
That I've been gaun mysel' o' late.

The auld hide's yoket, aff they start,
Ca'n' in a blackguard-lookin' cart ;
Like fire and fury aff they drive,
An' soon at the pit-mouth arrive.

Auld cronies a' come rinnin' roun',
Inquiring if the new ane's soun' ;
Syne len' a hand the cart to fill,
In hopes to share the hansel gill ;
Then aff they come, cart, coals, and beast,
An' ance mair at the toll-bar reist.

O, wae's the day that my successor
Sall ever meet my auld oppressor !
I wonder what the changefolk think,
When they deal out their sinfu' drink ;
Or what the brewer thinks when brewin'
His devastating black blue ruin—
This fruitfu' parent o' mischief,
Fell source o' a heart-rending grief.

O wae's the day I cam amang
This wicked, bletherin', drucken gang ;
Wae's me the day I did behold
The day they said a foal was foal'd,
For ever since that luckless day,
I'm sure I may wi' safety say,
I've scarcely had a moment's pleasure,
But spurr'd and whuppit out o' measure.

Sin ever I could thole a shoe,
I gat abundance aye to do ;
First wi' his lordship out a-huntin',
Owre hedges, dikes, and ditches pantin',
Riding like fury, e'en to killin',
To catch puri things no worth ae shillin' ;
But losing wind, and no sae swift,
Like collie I was turn'd adrift.

An' to a coach I next was yokit,
There cruelly about was knockit,
First wi' ae batter, syne anither,
I tint the speerit a'thegether ;
An' to the coal road now I'm brocht,
Where late and sune I'm sair worocht ;
An' little I get for my pains—
A' gangs for that whilk steals the brains.

I trust my days will be but few,
Amang this base unhallowed crew.

THE TEMPERANCE SUN.

G. J. WEBB.

1. O see the love - ly Temp'-rance Sun, His high, his heav'n-ly path-way run! O see the

2. A sea of fire, he sails on high; Sheds light, and warmth o'er earth and sky, A sea of

3. Thus, day by day, a - gain he'll rise, And walk in glo - ry through the skies, Thus, day by

love - ly Temp'-rance Sun, His high his heav'n-ly path - way run! What bids him leave so fresh and

fire, he sails on high; Sheds light and warmth o'er earth and sky, And nev - er tires nor sinks to

day a - gain he'll rise And walk in glo - ry through the skies; From morn to night, from shore to

bright, His east-ern throne of morn-ing light? What bids him leave so fresh and bright, His east-ern throne of morn-ing light?

rest, Till fill'd with joy is ev'-ry breast, And nev-er tires nor sinks to rest, Till fill'd with joy is ev'-ry breast.

shore, He'll rise to bless till time is o'er. From morn to night, from shore to shore He'll rise to bless, till time is o'er.

A short and simple tale, dear friends, yet I will tell it you ;
A simple tale of household love, and household sorrow too.
I dwelt in a fine mansion once, a noble one to see,
With parents and three brothers dear, a happy group were we.
My father was a stern, proud man, not *always* stern to me ;
For oft he strok'd my silken curls, and held me on his knee.
My mother, she was very fair, like an Angel, sweet and mild,
O, God ! with what deep tenderness, her blue eye on me smil'd.
My brothers three, were goodly youths, with spirits bold and free ;
They loved me well, but most *I* loved, the youngest, twin with me.
Our house was filled with company, a gay and jovial throng,
The dice was thrown—and the wine—ah, me ! at the revel loud and long :
My mother's gentle heart was wrung, I know it grieved her sore,
But she might not check her husband's guests, and therefore she forbore :
But soon a time of trouble came—dark grew my father's eye,
Now the cup was ever at his lips to drown his misery !
Still swifter did misfortune come—the brother twin with me
Did pine away from day to day—until we saw him die.
And then it was, I first observed my mother's hollow cheek,
Her sunken eye, and wasted form, and her pleasant voice grew weak :
One early morn I stole along up to her quiet bed,
As I kissed her icy lip and brow—I knew that she was dead !
Then loud was the outbreaking of my father's sudden grief,
But he quenched it in the cursed drink ! and it made his sorrow brief !
Through *this*, my brothers turned out wild, and 'mid the profligate
They crept into all evil ways—I know not *now* their fate !
Houses, and lands, and friends, were gone, and very poor were we,
And father went from bad to worse, still drinking desperately !
It was a miserable time, of pain, and want, and woe !
And how the hopeless hours went on, I do not care to show :
May God forgive me ! that I wept not when my father died
A sudden death ! they brought him home one stormy eventide.
My heart was heavy as a stone, as all night long I sat,
And thought *what* awful household vice had made me desolate.
But God gave mercy in my need ; my kindred heard of me,
And bade me come and dwell with them, if I content would be.
And I *am* comforted : though long the daughter of despair ;
Amid these loving friends my grief pass'd like a dream of care.
Even from these little ones I do such daily lessons learn,
As might have saved my father's house, ah ! how my heart doth yearn !
God's blessing and His holy peace, be on this house and hearth,
For we have ta'en a solemn pledge, the mightiest on earth,
Never to handle, touch, or taste, or put to human lips,
The cup that works such woe, as doth all other woes eclipse :
Thrice blessing, and thrice blest are we, whatever ills may come,
The heavy curse of Drunkenness haunts not the Temperance Home.

THE TEMPERANCE SONG OR ANTHEM.

Tenor Solo.—Spirited and Bold.

Music by M. HAWLEY.

1. Now let us strike the cheer - - - ful strains! Now let us strike the cheerful strains, The joys, the

2. Loud be the strains in vir - - - tue's praise, Loud be the strains in virtuo's praise, And while, and

3. Soon we may see through-out - - - - the land, Soon we may see throughout the land, Bless-ings, bles-

joys, the joys - - - of temp - 'rance tell, The joys of temp - 'rance tell, Till ev - 'ry

while, and while - - the notes - - pro - long, And while the notes prolong, Let thou - sands

ings, - bles-sings - - with - out - - al - loy, Bless - ings without al - loy, Come, sign the

val-ley, hill and plain, The song responsive swell, The song, - the song - - re - spon - sive swell,

turn from sinful ways, And join the happy throng, and join, and join the hap - py throng.

pledge with heart and hand, And swell the tide of joy, and swell, and swell - - the tide of joy.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

29

'Twas one at night ; and Winter's chilly wind
Howl'd round the drunkard's dreary home ;
As like the desolating blasts of sin
Bearing sad tidings in their course alone.

Enshrouded sadness reigned profoundly still,
And wretched grief usurped the loving heart ;
For ragged poverty had drank its fill,
And burst the holy fibre links apart.

Her lovely, fair, angelic countenance
Was pale with sorrow ; and was wan with woe ;
And soul-less riches sneered a passing glance,
Exulting proudly in its sordid show.

Her deep blue eyes in weeping dimly shone,
Like to the night dew on the brilliant star :
For *he* was gone, that made that desert home
A blooming paradise, exempt from care.

And as she peered upon the cheerless hearth,
Where half asleep her helpless infants lay,
Her tears gushed forth ; their little forms gave birth
To piercing pangs, that through her heart made way.

Her face at times would blush in hopeful light,
As some sweet thought in recollection came ;
Yet, like the moonbeams on the brow of night,
It glimmer'd faintly, then grew dark again.

She looked as like a dying flower of Heaven,
Surrounded by the poison-gloom of hell,
Amidst the falling jewelled snow of ev'n,
That nipped the sweet roots as it harshly fell.

A step was heard ; she sprang in hopes erect—
Her rum-sold husband leaped within the door ;
She shrieked in joy, and clasped him round the neck,
While down her cheeks fresh tears in streams did pour.

He pressed her fondly to his aching breast,
He kissed in love her warm and blushing cheek,
Their little ones came clinging, roused from rest,
With tiny voices striving hard to speak.

"No more" said he, " shall loving mother weep,
No more shall you, warm clothing, victuals want ;
For happiness, long waiting, now doth greet.
And poverty, this instant leaves its haunt.

"I am again, dear wife, God's nobleman,
I've leaped with life the liquor labyrinth'd hedge,
Behold ! dear ones, I am indeed a man,
I've signed to-night, 'The Sons of Temperance Pledge.' "

THE COLD WATER ARMY.

Music—"Auld Lang Syne."

1. With ban - ner and with badge we come, An Ar - my true and strong, To

2. "Cold Wa - ter Ar - my," is our name, — O may we faith-ful be, And

3. Though oth - ers love their rum and wine, And drink till they are mad, To

4. I pledge to thee this hand of mine, In faith and friend-ship strong; And,

fight a - gainst the host of rum, And this shall be our song: We love, &c.

so in truth and justice claim The bless - ings of the free. We love the clear cold

wa - ter we will still in - cline, To make us strong and glad. We love, &c.

fel - low sol - diers, we will join The cho - rus of our song: We love, &c.

wa - ter springs, Sup - plied by gen - tle showers: We feel the strength cold water brings, "The victory is ours."

AULD LANG SYNE.

31

Altered for a Soiree on St. Andrew's Day, in Montreal.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind,
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days of auld lang syne.
We need not fill the mad'ning bowl,
Nor drink the sparkling wine;
We feel our hearts o'erflow with love,
At thoughts of auld lang syne.

Though distant from our native land,
We mind her mountains blue,
Her heathy hills and primrose glens,
Her gowans wet with dew.
We need not fill the mad'ning bowl, &c.

Can we not grasp a brother's hand ;
Or greet a welcome guest,
Without a fiery draught to curse
The day we honor best !
We need not fill the mad'ning bowl, &c.

Yet still amidst our festive joys,
We sadly call to mind,
That oft we drink the drunkard's drink,
In days of auld lang syne.
We need not fill the mad'ning bowl, &c.

What though that drink we taste no more,
Still many drink and die ;
Up and be doing, then, till all
Its thousand streams are dry.
We need not fill the mad'ning bowl, &c.

Here's welcome to the friends we love,
From lands where'er they come,
And hail to thee, Columbia's land,
Where Temp'rance has her home.
We need not fill the mad'ning bowl, &c.

Here's fond regrets for friends we've lost,
And loved ones left behind,
Though far away, our hearts are near,
When thinking on lang syne.
We need not fill the mad'ning bowl, &c.

THE PEARL OF TEMPERANCE.

Music—*Grand Finale to First Part of the Cantata of Washington, from the "Am. Musical Review."*

SPRINTO, Semi-Chorus.

1. Loud raise the peal of temp'rance! 'Tis Re-chab's joy-ful day! Our land that once in sad-ness Groan'd

2. In li-ber-ty re-joi-ces, Aw'd by no mo-narch's rod; Lift high our joy-ful voices, Aye,

3. 'Twas He whose wisdom guid-ed The coun-cils of our sires; He o'er our plans pre-sid-ed And

4. We give to thee the glo-ry, Fa-ther of all pos-sess'd; That gilds our country's sto-ry, That

Grand Double Chorus.

'neath the drunkard's sway;

lift them up to God. Then swell, swell the strain, your notes pro-claim, Tem-per-ance!

He the praise re-quires.

makes our country blest.

Tem-per-ance, Hail, hail, hail, Tem-per-ance, Tem-per-ance, Hail, hail, hail.

DAUGHTERS OF TEMPERANCE.

33

Daughters of Temperance ! noble as thou art,
Thy influence cheers the desponding heart ;
Thy words of hope and love cheer Temp'rance on,
And bid the dreaded "tyrant-fiend" begone.
Woman—God's best gift !—thy influence pure
Our army's certain triumph will ensure !
May heaven's choicest blessings ever be
Showered on your pure fraternity !
Thy trusting heart has oft had cause to know
The misery, pain, and fearful woe,
Dark offspring of the doubly-cursed bowl
That binds the mind, and fetters heart and soul ;
The fiend whose blighting touch, like simoom's breath,
Is pestilence, scattering woe and death ;
Who walks abroad in hellish might,
Nor spares the good, the beautiful, or bright.
Then, maids and matrons ! all who love our land,
Your influence lend to aid this noble band ;
Oppose the demon-monarch's further course,
And from fair freedom's land his cohorts force.
Mercy calls, in sweet, imploring voice,
And bids you make the drooping heart rejoice.
Charity's fond words your heart address,
And bid you wipe, in gentle tenderness,
The gathering tear from the widow's eye,
And kindly still the orphan's mournful sigh.
Thy pure white banner to the breezes throw,
And as its emblems in the sunbeams glow,
Your vows of love and truth again renew,
And battle till the triumph is in view !
Till every stain of the foul vice is gone,
And Virtue smiles the blooming land upon ;
Till men shall all, in conscious virtue strong,
Join in the accents of the Temp'rance song !
And when thy fleeting course on life is o'er,
And God shall call thee to a brighter shore,
May the pure band, in bright regalia rise,
To join the celestial Union in the skies.

SPEAK KINDLY.

Music—"Sweet Ayton."

2 3
4

1. Speak kind - ly to him who has fal - len in sin, Speak

2 3
4

2. Speak kind - ly! for oh, gen - tle words have a pow'r; Give

2 3
4

gent - ly— his soul from its wretch - ed - ness win, And urge him to turn, nor to

2 3
4

faith to de - spair— soothe de - jec - tion's dark hour, And fall like the sun-shine where

2 3
4

draw in the breath Of the temp - ter who leads to the val - ley of

2 3
4

gloom reign'd be - fore— Bring strength to the fail - ing when hope shall be

CONTINUED.

35

death! Speak gently and kindly— these words bear a charm That brings to the
o'er. Who stands in such need of this strength on his way, as he whom temp-
spি - rit when wound - ed a balm; And thou' he has wander - ed from
ta - tion has led far a - way? Then ev - er speak kind - ly to
ways that are blest, A heart still is beat - ing like thine in his breast.
him when you can, Tho' fal - len, re - mem - ber, he yet is a Man.

HER HEART WAS FILL'D WITH ANGUISH.

Music—“The Watcher,” by Dr. Lardner.

Her heart was fill'd with anguish, There sorrow held its sway, And eve - ry hope did languish That brought a bet - ter day; She'd wait - ed and had lis-ten'd her husband's step to hear, He came not, and there glis - ten'd With in her eye a tear. She'd waited and had lis - ten'd, Her

hus-band's step to hear, He came not, and there glisten'd, With - in her eye a tear.

Ad. Lib.

Continuation of Temperance Words.

That day to her was dreary,
Now midnight hour had come,
Her children, faint and weary,
Had left her one by one ;
And there alone she lingered,
Her faithful watch to keep,
For, while her husband came not,
She could not rest in sleep.

A hundred men are drinking,
In yonder gilded hall ;
And little are they thinking,
What binds them in its thrall ;
And one among that number,
Hath drank too deep and long,
Unconsciously he'll slumber,
'Mid that carousing throng.

The morning light was breaking,
And shone o'er hill and plain ;
When from his sleep awaking,
In agony of pain ;
He passed to where in weakness,
All night that wife had lain,
She spoke in love and meekness,
And bade him "sign again."

Had not these words been spoken,
Despair had filled his soul,
And crushed, destroyed, heart-broken,
He'd sought the me'dning bowl ;
These words thus spoke in kindness,
Brought on a better day,
No more he walks in blindness,
The drunkard's thorny way.

The Watcher.

The night was dark and fearful,
The blast swept wailing by,
A Watcher pale and tearful,
Look'd forth with anxious eye,
How wistfully she gazeth,
No gleam of morn is there,
Her eyes to heav'n she raiseth
In agony of prayer.

Within that dwelling lonely,
Where want and darkness reign,
Her precious child, her only,
Lay moaning in his pain,
And death alone can free him,
She feels that this must be,
But oh for morn to see him,
Smile once again on me.

A hundred lights are glancing
In yonder mansion fair,
And merry feet are dancing,
They heed no morning there,
O young and joyous creatures,
One lamp from out your store,
Would give that poor boy's features,
To his mother's gaze once more.

The morning sun is shining,
She heedeth not its ray ;
Beside her dead reclining,
The pale dead mother lay.
A smile her lips were wreathing,
A smile of hope and love,
As tho' she still were breathing,
There's light for us above.

AGAIN WE'VE MET.

(For the Opening of Musical Conventions and other Anniversaries.)

VERY SPIRITED.

1. A - gain we've met, all hail the meet-ing, From eye to eye flows mutual greeting, Let heart to heart its

2. We've left our friends with hearts o'er-flow-ing, We come with spir-i-te ar-dent glow-ing, O'er many a di-stant

3. Bright smiles of glad-ness lips are wreathing, Our hearts in har-mo - ny are breathing; Thanksgivings to the

rich-est store Of joy's e - mo-tions free - ly pour. Free let our voi-ces sound, And loud the chorus

hill and plain, To ce - le - brate with joy - ous strain. Free let our voi-ces sound, And loud the chorus

King of heav'n, That for-mer ties have not been riv'n. Free let our voi-ces sound, And loud the chorus

ring, Till e-cho, e-cho, e-cho, far a - round, The joy-ous notes we sing.

ring, e-cho, e-cho, e-cho, far a - round, The joyous notes we sing.

ring; Till e-cho, e-cho, e-cho, far a - round, The joy-ous notes we sing.

Dash down the sparkling cup ! its gleam,
Like the pale corpse-light o'er the tomb,
Is but a false, deceitful beam
To lure thee onward to thy doom.
The sparkling gleam will fade away,
And round thy lost bewildered feet,
'Mid darkness, terror and dismay,
The ghastly shapes of death will meet.

Dash down the cup, a poison sleeps
In every drop thy lips would drain,
To make thy life-blood seethe and leap,
A fiery flood through every vein—
A fiery flood that will efface,
By slow degrees, thy god-like mind
Till, 'mid its ashes, not a trace
Of reason shall be left behind.

Dash down the cup ! a serpent starts
Beneath the flowers which crown its brim,
Whose deadly fangs will strike thy heart
And make thy flashing eye grow dim.
Before whose hot and maddening breath—
More fatal than the simoom blast—
Thy manhood, in unhonored death,
Will sink, a worthless wreck at last.

Dash down the cup ! thy father stands
And pleads in accents deep and low,
Thine anguished mother clasps her hands
With quivering lips and wordless woe.
They who have borne thee on their breast
And shielded thee through many a year ;
Oh, wouldst thou make their bosoms blest,
Their life a joy,—their pleading hear !

Dash down the cup ! thy young wife kneels—
Her eyes, whose drops have often gushed,
Are turned, with mute and soft appeal,
Upon thy babe in slumber hushed.
Didst thou not woo her in her youth
With many a fond and solemn vow ?
Oh, turn again, and all her truth
And love shall be rewarded now !

Dash down the cup ! and on thy brow,
Though darkened o'er with many a stain,
Thy manhood's light, so feeble now,
Shall, bright and steady, burn again.
Thy strength shall, like the fabled bird,
From its own ashes upward spring ;
And fountains in thy breast be stirred,
Whose waters living joy shall bring !

THE PRAISE OF TEMPERANCE.

Music—"Glorious Apollo."

Fa-ther in Hea-ven, with thy smiles be-friend us, While to thy name we ded-i-cate our lays; In love and mer-ey from all ill de-fend us, When we to temp-rance our cheer-ful anthems raise, Thus then com-bin-ing, hearts with voi-ces join-ing, Long may con-tin-ue our u-ni-ty and joy, our u-ni-ty and joy, our u-ni-ty and joy.

* In 1762, Lord Sandwich, with several other noble amateurs, established a Society for awarding prizes for the best compositions of this species, by English composers. Great emulation was excited by this attempt to estimate native talent, and Dr. Wm. Hay, Dr. Arne, Baldwin, Dr. Cooke and Webbe were competitors. Webbe's "Glorious Apollo" was written for this club, and is always the opening glee.—*History of Music.*

STAR OF TEMPERANCE.

41

Music—"Bonnie Doon."

1. Once by in - temp'rance I was bound, In sor - row pass'd each mourn-ful day; No friends or kind-red

2. That star, the bright-est in the sky, Has shed its beams of joy and light; And bid des-pair and

gather'd round, To cheer my lone-ly hap-less way. When on my path there gleam'd a star, That

dark-ness fly, And chang'd to day the gloom of night, My friends re - joice that I am free, Hope

woke me from my hor-rid trance; And scat-tered all my gloom a far, It was the star of tem-per-ance.

beams in ev' - ry coun - ten-ance; I'll sound its praise o'er earth and sea, The star, the star of tem-per-ance.

JOYFUL BE OUR NUMBERS.

(Chorus for the Opening and Close of Musical Classes. The first two verses with chorus for the Opening, and the last two verses with the chorus for the Close.)

2. [#] m.—Fast and Spirited.

Joy-ful, joy-ful, joy-ful be our num-bers, Brust-ing forth the soul en-liv-ing lay, ; Bursting
Swell the strain to mus-ic's sweet-est mur-murs, Ev'-ry heart now hail the fes-tal day. ; Bursting

1. From the hill and
forth the soul en-liv-ing lay, Hail, O hail this fes-tal day 2. Year-ly as our
3. Gol-den hours have

4. Give the hand of

Rit. D. C. to each verse.

val-ley far a-way, We come with mer-ry great-ings in our lay.

fes-tal day rolls round, We hail it ev-er with har-mo-nious sound.
feet-ed like a spell, And now we're call'd to part and bid fare-well.

Rit. D. C. to each verse.

friend-ship ere we part, May hea-ven now em-balm it in each heart.

DASH THE WINE-CUP AWAY.

43

Dash the wine-cup away ! though its sparkle should be
More bright than the gems that lie hid in the sea,—
For the Demon, unseen by thine eye, lurketh there,
Who would win thee to ruin, to woe, and despair!

Believe not the tempter who tells thee of joy
In the bright flashing goblets that lure to destroy ;
Nor barter thy birthright, nor give up thy soul,
For a moment's mad bliss, to the Fiend of the Bowl !

Oh, the mighty have fallen !—the strong and the proud
To the thrall of the wine-cup have abjectly bowed ;
For its maddening delights flung their glory away,
And yielded, insanely, their souls to its sway.

The wise and the learned in the lore of the schools,
Have drunk—and become the derision of fools ;
And the light that made radiant the spirit divine,
Hath often been quenched in a goblet of wine.

Youth and Beauty, while yet in their strength and their glow,
Have been marked by the fiend and in ruin laid low ;
And the Priest and the Statesman together have kneeled
To the Wine-God obscene, till in madness they reeled !

Oh, the Earth in her woe for her children hath wept,
To the grave of the drunkard in hecatombs swept ;
While the Demon, enthroned o'er her sunniest climes,
Hath unleashed, in his wrath, all his woes and his crimes !

And the altars of Devils still smoke with the blood
Of our sires and our sons—once the wise and the good—
While dark and more dark, gather over our path
The clouds that are charged with JEHOVAH's dread wrath !

Shall we wait till they burst, and from mountain to sea
Old Earth like the Valley of Hinnom shall be ?
And sternly o'er all, desolation shall reign,
While the vulture sits gorged over heaps of the slain ?

Nay—up to the rescue ! The land must be torn
From the grasp of the Demon whose fetters we've worn—
Our homes, by his touch, be no longer profaned—
Our souls in his thraldom, no more be enchained !

Dash the wine-cup away ! we will henceforth be free—
Earth's captives their morn of redemption shall see,
And the foul fiend that bound them be thrust back to Hell,
While the songs of our triumph exultingly swell !

TEMPERANCE OUR CAUSE IS FREE.—GLEE.

LIVELY.

1. Tem'rance, our cause is free; I will not stay—The Bar-room's no place for me; I

2. Tem'rance de-lights our home, like child-hood's smile, While slaves of strong drink must roam, Wretch

CRES. most, I must, a . . . way. Seek not to tempt me here; Your drink I hate; I

ores. ed de - bas'd and vile. Seek not to tempt me here; Your drink I hate; I

CRES. mourn your sad ca - reer, And drunkard's fate. Tem'rance, our cause is free— Drink has no charms for me.

DIM. F FF

CRES. mourn your sad ca - reer, And drunkard's fate. Tem'rance, our cause is free— Drink has no charms for me.

F FF

CONTINUED

46

Come a-way, come a-way, I dare no lon-ger stay.

Come a-way, come a-way, I dare no lon-ger stay.

Come a-way, come a-way, I dare no lon-ger stay.

Come a-way, come a-way, I dare no lon-ger stay.

Gradual Dim. to the End.

1st Time. 2d Time.

Come a-way, a-way, a-way, a-way, no lon-ger stay. lon-ger stay.

Gradual Dim. to the End.

1st Time. 2d Time.

Come a-way, a-way, a-way, a-way, no lon-ger stay. lon-ger stay.

ROUND, FOR FOUR VOICES.

O come and join our sweet and pleasant song— O, come!

We're hap-py here, We're hap-py here in this our Temp-rance home, Sweet home!

Come! join our song! our pleasant song!— Come! O, come!

We're hap-py here in this our Temp-rance home, our own sweet home.



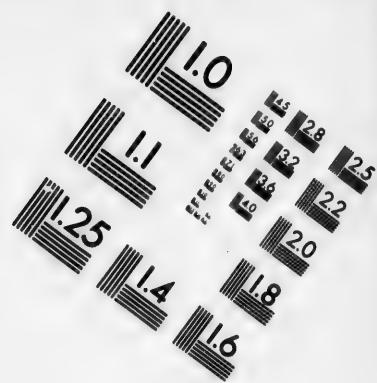
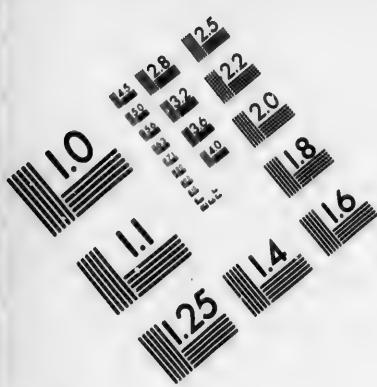
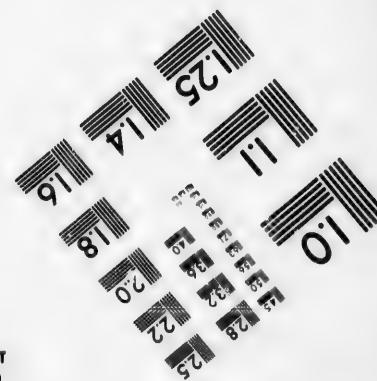
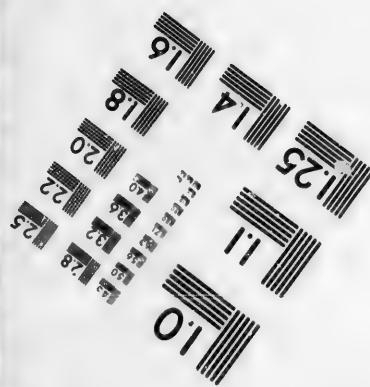
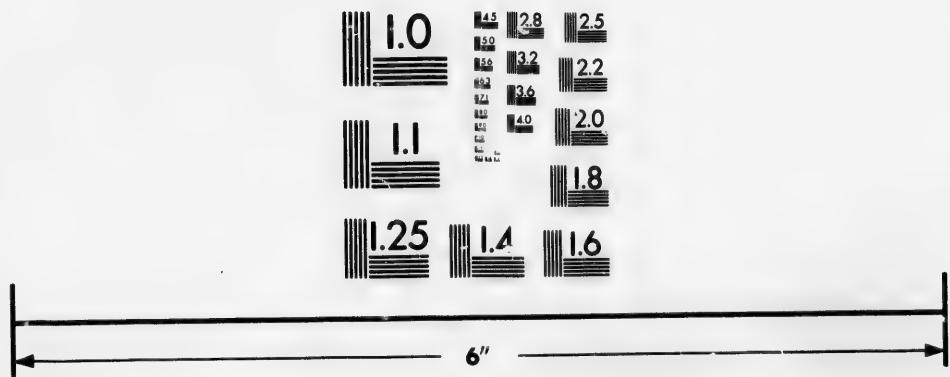


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AWAKE, AWAKE AND TAKE THE PLEDGE.

Moderato, with expression.

2. *O take the pledge, and break the cup* That poi-sons all the land! 'Twill sweetly come and

3. *O take the pledge, all ye that think* Of mod-rate cups to-day! For ye may win the

4. *O take the pledge all ye that sell,* This poi-son of the soul! What good ye'll do no

heart a hedge. To keep the de-mon out. 'Twill wake a thrill of heav'n-ly joy

raise you up, Where hon-or waves her hand; 'Twill wipe contempt and scorn a-way, sot from drink, If ye but lead the way. 'Twill be a sweet and thrill-ing thought

tongue can tell, By dash-ing down the bowl. The drunkard's wife, with tears of joy,

In her who weeps at home; And laughing girl and Prattling boy Will smile to see you come.

Which all that knew you bore, Till ye become be-lov'd as they, And ye are brutes no more. As on thru' life you go, That one poor wretch was timely caught, And snatch'd from shame and woe.

Will bless you morn and even; And love-ly girl and hap-py boy Will lisp your name to heav'n.

THE TEMPERANCE TRIUMPH.

47

Allegretto.

Words by Rev. H. V. Dexter.

1. Hark, the temperance song is sound-ing, Swells the peal-ing note a-long, Eve-ry heart with plea-sure bound-ing,

O'er us wave the temp' - rance ban-ner, Gai - ly float - ing O'er us wave the temperance ban-ner, Gai-ly float-ing on the air, While we shout in loud ho-san-nas,

Hear from dis-tant lands a-sound-ing Glad respon-sive notes of joy, Hear in migh-ty cho-rus blend-ing

Hear from dis-tant lands as - cend - ing Glad in re - spon - sive

Echo's now the joy-ful song, See, see, see, our vet'ran host re - turn - ing, Vie-tors from the

note a - long. on the air.

Lord our vie - to - ry de-clare, Hear, hear, hear, the note of tri-umph swell - ing, O - ver land and

Earth her ransom'd pow're employ, Raise, raise, raise, to God our joy - ful voi - ces, To his name our

notes of joy.

spoils of rum, All the fa - tal ty-rant spurn-ing now in crowded ranks we come,

o - ver sea, Joy - ful hearts and voi - ces tell-ing, From in - temp'rance we are free,

off' - rings be, Heav'n a - bove with earth re - joic - es, From in - temp'rance we are free,

THE TEMPERANCE TREE.

Spirituoso.

1. Ti - ny stalk of tend - er form, Was our cause in oth - er years; Now to bat - tie
 2. Over our land its shade is thrown, Cooling pas - sions noon-time heat, And our na - tion's
 3. On its fair de - li - cious fruit, Fruit of love and hope and truth, Pin - ing forms their

with the storm, High its gi - ant trunk it rears. Blasts which have their on - set made,
 pulse hath grown, Stem - dier, strong er in its beat. Shel - ler from the tem - pests keen,
 strength re - cruit, And its leaves re - new their youth. Sweep, ye winds, our temp'rance tree,

Our young tree to o'er blow, Gave its roots a firm - er braid, Round the rocks which lie below.
 Do its stretching branches wreath, And an army's hosts are seen, Taking refuge underneath.
 Waft those leaves from shore to shore, Whereso e'er in e - briates be, Tell the world's worst plague is o'er.

THE NOBLE LAW OF MAINE. (Solo Accompanied.)

49

(The Quartett or Chorus may be sung by male voices, as the first and second parts are not too high for tenors or altos. The second, third and fourth verses will be sung by making some slight changes in the rhythmical form of the music.)

(From the *Musical Review and Choral Advocate*.)

A musical score for a solo instrument, likely flute or oboe, in 6/8 time. The key signature is one sharp. The dynamic is marked 'f' (fortissimo). The melody consists of eighth-note patterns, with slurs and a fermata at the end of the measure. The title 'Con Spirto - Tener Sole' is written above the staff.

1. Raise high the glorious ban-ner, the ban-ner of the free, And
2. Al - re - dy in the east has the golden dawn be - gun, And
3. But the struggle lies be - fore us, and our foes are in the field, And
4. Then high up-raise the ban-ner, the ban-ner of the free, And

Quartett Chorus, or Instrumental Accompaniment.

ga - ther all be -neath it who slaves no more will be. Un -furl it broad-ly to the breeze, that darkness, gloom and sor-row, fly the near ap -proaching sun; His noon-day beams shall shine up -pon the ty -rant at their head, de -termined not to yield; Let them with all their wealth and power, re - come ye all be -neath it, who slaves no more will be; One more u -ni -ted ef -fort will

far o'er hill and plain, The world may see our motto— The no - ble Law of Maine.
fiend in temp'rance stain, If we hold fast to our watch-word— The no - ble Law of Maine.
guard us with dis - dain, We're cer - tain of the vic - try, by the no - ble Law of Maine.
break the cur-sed chain, And give our country and our homes The no - ble Law of Maine.

THE NOBLE LAW OF MAINE. (Solo Accompanied.)

49

(The Quartett or Chorus may be sung by male voices, as the first and second parts are not too high for tenors or altos. The second, third and fourth verses will be sung by making some slight changes in the rhythmical form of the music.)
 (From the *Musical Review and Choral Advocate*.)

Con Spirito. Tenor Solo

1. Raise high the glorious ban-ner, the ban-ner of the free, And
 2. Al - rea - dy in the east has the golden dawn be - gun, And
 3. But the struggle lies be - fore us and our foes are in the field, And
 4. Then high up-raise the ban-ner, the ban-ner of the free, And

Quartett Chorus, or Instrumental Accompaniment.

gather all be -neath it who slaves no more will be. Un -furl it broad -ly to the breeze, that
 darkness, gloom and sor -row, by the near ap -proaching sun; His noon-day beams shall shine up -pon the
 with the ty -rant at their head, de -termi -ned not to yield; Let them with all their wealth and power, re -
 come ye all be -neath it, who slaves no more will be; One more u - ni - ted of - fort will

far o'er hill and plain, The world may see our motto— The no - ble Law of Maine.
 stand in temp -rance stain, If we hold fast to our watch-word— The no - ble Law of Maine.
 guard us with dis -tain, We're cer -tain of the vic -try, by the no - ble Law of Maine.
 break the cursed chain, And give our country and our homes The no - ble Law of Maine.

THE TEMPERANCE STAR.

Moderate.

1. Hark the temp'rance trump is sound - ing, . . . Glad-some notes are e - cho'd round,
 2. As the light is still ad - vane - ing, . . . Back - ward shrinks our coun - try's foe,
 3. Like the star of Bethlehem shin - ing, . . . Which the eastern shepherd led,
 Hails with joy the wel-come sound, Hails with joy the
 Ev - ry heart with rap - ture bounding, Hails with joy the wel - come sound,
 We thro' fut-ure a - ges glane-ing, . . . View a - noth - er Ed - den glow,
 Where the Sa - vior was re - clin - ing, . . . In his poor and low - ly bed,
 Wel-come sound, - - - - -
 Hails with joy the wel-come sound. Oh what glorious times are dawning,
 View a - noth - er In his poor and E - den glow. See the drunkards, Long ne - glect - ed,
 Long ne - glect - ed, star as - cend - ing

CONTINUED

51

On a dark and ruin-ed world; Truth's bright beams break forth with splen-dor,
 List'ning to the cheer-ing strains, Now their free-dom is of - foot-ed, blend-ing,
 In un-cloud-ed lus-tre shine, With the gos-pel's bright-ness,

Truth's bright beams break forth with splendor, Darkness from his throne is hurld.
 Darkness from his throne is hurld, Dark-ness from his throne is hurld.
 Casting off their slavish chains, Cast Light ing off their sia-vish chains.
 Light our way to bliss di-vine, Light our way to bliss di-vine.

CHANT.

Questions by the Choir.	Answers, Single Voice.	TREBLE, Amen.
{ Speaker, tell us of the night, { Speaker, A won't its beams decay,	What the signs of temperance And intemperance triumph are, are, Hearers, See yon brilliant light! That is our tee-tom star, yet, Hearers, Mark what God doth say! Never more shall it set.	ALTO, Amen.
{ Speaker, tell us of the night, { Speaker, A will the joy it gives,	Upward yet that star as - cende, Hearers, Arum and oaths and fight! All their train approach their end Be confined to our blest land, Hearers, While one drunkard lives, It will never stay its hand.	TENOR, Amen.
{ Speaker, tell us of the night, { Speaker, Join the work of peace,	For the light seems spreading Take the drunkard to his on, Hearers, Arum is put to flight, A Revelling will soon be done. Take the drunkard to his home, Hearers, Join in his release, A O what glorious times have come.	BASS, Amen.

Amen to be sung at the close of last verse.

FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

Allegro. $\frac{2}{2}$

1. Friends of free-dom! swell the song; Young and old the strain prolong, Make the temp'rance army strong,

2. Shrink not when the foe appears; Spurn the coward's guilty fears; Hear the shrieks, be - hold the tears

3. Give the aching bo - som rest; Car - ry joy to ev'ry breast; Make the wretched drunkard blest,

4. God of mer-cy! hear us plead, For thy help we in - ter - cede! See how many bo-some bleed

And on to vio - to - ry, And on to vio-to - ry. Lift your banners, let them wave, Onward march a world to save;

Of ruined fam - i - lies, Of ruined fam - i - lies. Raise the cry in ev' - ry spot, "Touch not, taste not, handle not,"

By living so - ber - ly, By living so - ber - ly. Raise the glorious watchword high, "Touch not, taste not, handle not,

And heal them speed.i.ly, And heal them speed.i.ly. Haste Lord the hap - py day, When beneath thy gentle ray

Who would seek a drunkard's grave, And bear his in - fa - my, And bear his in - fa - my.

Who would be a drunken set, The worst of mis - er - ies, The worst of mis - er - ies.

Let the e - cho reach the sky; And earth keep Jub - i - lee, And earth keep Jub - i - lee.

Temp'rance all the world shall sway, And reign tri - - um - phant-ly, And reign tri - - um-phant - - - ly.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in 2/2 time, Allegro tempo. The first staff begins with a treble clef, the second with a bass clef, the third with a bass clef, and the fourth with a bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with some words underlined for emphasis. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The score is enclosed in a rectangular border.

TASTE NOT.

53

1. Sip not, Sip not, the sparkling ru - by wine, Tho' tender'd by the hand you dearest

2. Taste not, Taste not, for from the sparkling glass, Rank evile spring to curse our world a.

3. Touch not, Touch not, the cup thou drink'st can kill The proudest beauty or the no . best

4. Drink not, Drink not, the foaming madd'ning bowl, Grim, greedy, gris - ly death is hid-ing

love, Tho' flow'rs of seeming bliss the cup en - twine; Fad - ing the flowers and false the

round, Tho' sy - ren's wreath with smiles its brim, a - lies, The serpent lurks within thy

form, Quench the gay spir - it, bow the stern - ent will, And close in black-est night lie's

there, Crouching to reize up - on the unwary soul, And plunge the in - eternal

pleasures prove. Fading the flowers and false the pleasures prove, Sip not, Sip not.

soul to wound. The ser - pent lurks within thy soul to wound. Taste not, Taste not,

fair - est morn. And close in blackest night lie's fair - est morn. Touch not, touch not,

deep des - pair. And plunge the in - eternal deep des - pair. Drink not, drink not.

THE FREE.

A shout, a shout from sea to sea, A song from shore to shore, The
 A shout, A shout, The Not
 A shout, a shout of tri - umph now, The vic - to - ry is ours; Not
 chain is riv'n, the slave is free, Free to be bound no more. The
 chain is riv'n, &c.
 gain'd by sword, &c.
 gain'd by sword, nor bat - tie bow, But love's su - per - ior pow'rs, Not
 chain is riv'n, the slave is free, Free to be bound no more, A
 gain'd by sword, nor bat - tie bow, But love's su - pe - ior pow'rs A

CONTINUED

55

shout, a shout, the night is gone, The clouds have pass'd a - way, The

shout, a shout, from sea to sea, A song from shore to shore, Ten

glo - ries of the temp'rance sun, Pour forth in floods of day, The

thousand death - less souls are free, Free to be bound no more, Ten

glo - ries of the temp'rance sun, Pour forth in floods of day.

thousand death - less souls are free, Free to be bound no more.

THE HOME WHICH RANG WITH MERRY PEALS.

Air, "The Harp of Tara," written and arranged for "Canada Temperance Advocate." Words, W. W. C., Toronto.

<img alt="Musical score for 'The Home Which Rang with Merry Peals' in G major, common time. The score consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are as follows: 1. The home which rang with merr - y peals Of child - sh laugh - ter loud, Is si - lent now and 2. We saw thee when thy youth - ful form Was beauty, health and grace; And in - no - where and 3. And one there was, thy joy and pride, As thou wast then I ween, We of - ten saw thee 4. We miss him now, ah! where is he Who vow'd with solemn breath, To cher - ish, love and 5. All gone, and with them all thy joys, And hopes long since have fled, That husband and those thru it steals A form by mor - row bow'd; Pour lone - ly one, so sad - ly worn By anguish more than ev - ry charm A - don'd thy fair young face; Smiles deck'd thy brow, thy eve was bright, Thy voice of sil - ery stray be - side a youth of no - ble mind; And well we mind the happy day That seem'd to crown thy suc - cor thee, Thee on - ly un - til death; And where the lit - tie ones who clung And clus - ter'd round thy no - ble boys, Ah! yes, all, all are dead! What hath this blight and ru - in brought, On - b - peson - a - c - e. years; With long, sad years thy bo - om torn - For - now'd thy check by tears. lone, Rong blithe - ly for thy heart was light - Ita - mu - se - now both gone, life, When from thy youth - ful home a - way, He bore thee as his wife, knee, Who prat - t'd, laugh'd and play'd and sang A - round thy household tree. late? RUM bath the dou - ble murder wrought, and made the de - go - - late.</p>

TEMPERANCE MEETING DISMISSAL HYMN.

57

The Words by YEANON.

The Music by CHARLES LLOYD, D.G.W.P., Dalhousie, New Brunswick.



Heav'n-ly Fa-ther, give thy bles-sing While we now this ser-vi-cy end; On our minds each truth im-



preach-ing That may to thy glo-ry tend; Save from all in-tox-i-ca-tion, From its evils may we



flee; When as - sail'd by strong temp - ta - tion, Put our trust a - lone in thee.



THE DREAM OF THE REVELLER.

Words by C. Mackay, Esqr.

Music by Henry Russell.



A-round the board the guests were met, the lights a - bove them gleam-ing, And in their cups re-



plenish'd oft, the ruddy wine was streaming; Their cheeks were flush'd, their eyes were bright, their



hearts with pleasure bounded, The song was sung, the toast was giv'n, and loud the re - vel



CONTINUED.

sound-ed; I drain'd my bum-per with the rest, and driv'd a-way with sor-row.
Sva.....

legato. • cello voice

Let me be hap-py for to-day, and care not for to-mor-row. But
Sva.....

as I spoke, my sight grew dim, and slum-ber deep came o'er me, And

.....

'mid the whirl of ming - ling tongues this vis - ion pass'd be - - fore me. Me.

rall.....en.....tan.....do

thought I saw a de-mon rise; he held a migh-ty bick-er, Whose burnish'd sides ran
colta voce.

f

dai - ly o'er, with floods of burning liquor; A - - round him press'd a clam'rous crowd, to

CONTINUED.

61

taste this li-quor greedy, But chief-ly came the poor and sad, the suffering and the
colle voci.

nee-dy; All those oppres'd by grief and debt, the dis - so - lute and la - zy,

Blear ey'd old men, and reck-less youths, and pal - sied wo-men cra - zy, "Give, give" they cry, "give,
Sva.....

Tempo.
Blear ey'd old men, and reck-less youths, and pal - sied wo-men cra - zy, "Give, give" they cry, "give,
Sva.....

sf

p

CONTINUED.

give us drink to drown all thoughts of mor-row, If we are happy
loco.

for to - day, we care not for to - - mor - - row! "Give,"

give! they cry, "give, give us drink to drown all thoughts of mor-row, If
8va.
stac

CONTINUED.

63



The First drop warms their shiv'ring skins, and drives away their sadness,
 The Second lights their sunken eyes, and fills their souls with gladness ;
 The Third drop makes them shout and roar, and play each furious antic ;
 The Fourth drop boils their very blood and the fifth drop drives them狂亂。
 "Drink!" says the demon, "drink your fill! drink of these waters mellow,
 "They'll make your bright eyes clear and dull, and turn your white skins yellow,
 "They'll fill your homes with care and grief, and clothe your backs with tatters,
 "They'll fill your hearts with evil thoughts, but never mind what matters!"
 Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! but never mind what matters.

Though virtue sink and reason fail, and social ties dissever,
 I'll be your friend in hour of need, and find your homes forever;
 For I have built three mansions high, three strong and goodly houses,
 A workhouse for the jolly soul, who all his life carouses,
 An hospital to lodge the sor, oppressed by pain and anguish,
 A prison full of dungeons deep, where hopeless felons languish.
 So drain the cup, and drain again, and drown all thought of sorrow,
 Be happy if you can to day, and never mind tomorrow !
 So drain the cup, and drain again, and drown all thought of sorrow,
 Be happy if you can to-day, and never mind to-morrow.

But well he knows this demon old, how vain is all his preaching,
 The ragged crew that round him flock, are heedless of his teaching ;
 Even as they hear his fearful words, they cry with shouts of laughter,
 "Out on the fool who mars to-day with thoughts of an hereafter,
 "We care not for thy houses three, we live but for the present,
 "And merry will we make it yet and quaff our bumpers pleasant."
 Loud laughs the fiend to hear them speak, and lifts his brimming bicker,
 "Body and soul are mine!" quoth he, "I'll have them both for liquor."
 "Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! I'll have them both for liquor."

THE TEMPERANCE BATTLE CRY.

Music from Woodbury's *Youth's Song Book*.

Words by E. S. Orr, St. Andrews, C.E.



1. Come, ye friends of temp'-rance come; Our great work is but be - gun! Fly the per -



ing to save! Free the ab - ject slave. Down with ev'-ry sign and still;



Say with all your hearts "we will;" Never let our weapons fail: *Death to Al - co - hol.*



Come young men, "for ye are strong,"
Gird you for the struggle long,
Vow destruction to the foe,
All his power o'erthrew!
Deeds of valor, acts of might,
In the cause of Truth and Right,
May in future years proclaim,
Your undying fame.

Come ye fair ones, lend your aid,
On your hands a task is laid,
And your influence all must feel,
For their woe or weal.
Let your winning words and smiles,
Break the wary tempter's wiles,
Husbands, brothers, friends shall be,
By their might set free.

Come old men of reverend age,
By the lapse of years made sage,
Mighty in the day of yore—
Still your help we implore.

Give us counsel how to move,
In our work of peace and love,
Teach us how the foe to meet,
Shouting "NO RETREAT."

Come ye children, in your play,
Happy all the live-long day,
Say amidst your mirth and glee,
"Temperance for me."
Pledge perpetually to hate
All that can intoxicate,
And when you to age have grown,
RUM SHALL BE UNKNOWN.

Come ye drunkards, come away!
Not one moment more delay,
Come and in the Temperance Hall,
Let your shackles fall.
Freemen now yourselves declare,
Put your armour on for war—
Lie beneath our banner all—
DEATH TO ALCOHOL!

COLD WATER SONG.

65

Words from "Water Cure Journal." Music, "O, Come, Come Away," arranged by C. P. Watson, Montreal.

O, Water! Bright water! Thy station is high, Earth's beau - ti - ful daugh - ter,
 Thy pur - ling streams wander 'Mid wild blooming flowers, Or gent - ly me - an - der

The bride of the sky. The fond earth doth bless thee, With gen - tle de - light,
 Through green shady bowers; A - non wild-ly leap - ing A - down the cas - cade;

And soft clouds ca - reen thee Em - bo-som'd in light.
 Or pen - sive - ly sweep - ing A - long the green glade.

Of thee, O pure water,
 Of thee do we sing,
 Wine, wine is a mocker,
 It leaveth a sting,
 Ye gay, and ye happy,
 O, fly from its thrall,
 'Twill lead you to ruin,
 'Twill mock at your fall.

Turn, turn to the fountain
 Where bright waters flow
 From hill-side and mountain,
 Wherever ye go.
 Quaff, quaff the pure nectar,
 'Tis flowing for thee;
 Health's surest protector
 It ever will be.

"ONWARD! ONWARD! BAND VICTORIOUS."

TEMPERANCE CHORUS. From the "Musical Review and Choral Advocate."

SPIRITED.

CRES. f L. B. WOODBURY.

1. Onward! onward! band vic - - to-rious! Rear the temp'rance ban - ner

2. Onward! onward! songs and praises Ring to heaven's CRES. top-most

3. To the vend - er and dis - - til - er Thunder truth with startling

CRES.

high! Thus far has your course been glorious; Now your day of triumphs nigh.

March, Whereso - e'er your standard rais - es, And your conquering legions march.

tone; Swell the ac - cents, loud - er shriller, Make their guilt e - normous known.

Vice and er - - ror flee be - fore you, As the dark - ness flies the

Gird the Temp' rance ar-mor on you, Look for guid - ance from a.

On - ward! on - - ward! nev-er fal - ter, Cease not till the earth

CONTINUED.

67

sun; On - ward vic - tory how - ers o'er you, Soon the
bove; God and an - gels smile up - - on you, Has - ten
free; Swear on Temp'-rance' ho - ly al - tar, Death is

but - - tle will be won! Yes! Yes! On - ward!
then your work of love! Yes! Yes! God and
yours, or vic - to - - ry! Yes! Yes! Swear on

vic - tory ho - vers o'er you, soon the bat - tle will be won!
an - gels smile up - - on you, Has - ten then your work of love!
Temp'-rance' ho - ly al - tar, Death is your's or vic - to - - ry!

TEMPERANCE SONG.

1. Let tem - pence breathe in song, Let each the theme pro - long.

2. Our sons shall now be free, And sing of li - ber - ty.

3. When pied - ges once were vain, We try the "Law of Maine,"

4. Our cause may wis - dom aid, Its trust in heav'n is laid,

In sweet em - ploy; Let ev' - ry soul a - wake;

In loud . . . est strains; Our states - men in com - mand,

Which all shall sign, Then shall our cho - rus be,

Oh! Lord our King! Loud let us vic - tory sing,

The tempt-ing curse for - sake, Ye drunkards cease to make un - hal - low'd joy.

Have giv - en heart and hand, Nor will they e'er dis - band, Till temp'rance reigns.

The land from dark-ness free, The star of hope we see, It brightly shines.

To God our mighty King, Till heav'n's broad arches ring, A - men, A - men.

A Long Pull, and a Strong Pull, and a Pull all Together.

69

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Now hearts and hands their strength and zeal uniting, We'll boldly brave life's roughest waves and winds, Fresh courage still new ob - sta - cles ex - citing, For nought should hinder free and willing minds; }

2. When du - ty calls, what-e'er the toil and dan-ger, We'll at our post, and by each o - ther stand, To friend or foe, to cit - i - zen or stran - ger, We'll ever lend a brother's help - ing hand; }

3. And when life's journey here is ful - ly end - ed, Our duties done, our toil and la - bor o'er, Then from a - bove, a help - ing hand ex-tend-ed, Will safe-ly guide us to the heavenly shore, }

With a long pull, and a strong pull, With a

With a long pull, and a strong pull, With a

With a long pull, and a strong pull, With a

long pull and a strong pull and a pull all to - gether, Hard work or hard weather, your duty ful - fil.

long pull and a strong pull and a pull all to - gether, Hard work or hard weather, your duty ful - fil.

long pull and a strong pull and a pull all to - gether, Hard work or hard weather, your duty ful - fil.

A SHOUT FOR THE MAINE LAW.—Temperance Glee.

Allegro con Spirito.

/ CHORUS.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah! . . . A shout for the Maine Law! Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah! . . . Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Hur - rah! A shout for the Maine Law, Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hur - rah! hurrah! hurrah!

Hur - rah! A shout for the Maine Law, Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hur - rah! hurrah! hurrah!

Repeat *pp* as an echo.

1. The cho - rus in - spir-ing, Let all now de - sir-ing, Their coun-try's pros-per - i - ty,
 2. Their rights still main-tain-ing, Their love ne'er dis-dain-ing, All friends of the peo-ple now
 3. The coun - try's pro-tec-tion, The peo-ple's af - fection, Shall ev - er more bless you, then

Hur - rah! The chorus in - spir-ing, Let all now de - sir-ing, Their country's pros-per - i - ty, Sing
 rah! 2. Their rights still main-tain-ing, Their love ne'er dis-dain-ing, All friends of the peo-ple now sing,
 rah! . . . 3. The country's pro-tec-tion, The peo-ple's af - fection shall ev - er more bless you, Then sing
 sing hurrah!

*These two parts may be omitted, and the Bass sung solo, if preferred.

CONTINUED.

71

out for the Maine Law, The cho - rus in- spir-ing, Let all now de - sir - ing, Their country's pros-
out for the Maine Law, Their rights still maintaining, Their love ne'er dis-dain - ing, All friends of the

out for the Maine Law, The country's pro-tec-tion, The people's af - fection, Shall ev - er - more

per - i - ty, Sing out for the Maine Law, The chorus inspiring, Let all now desiring, The country's prosperity,

people, Give a shout for the Maine Law, The chorus inspiring, Let all now desiring, The country's prosperity,

bless you, Then sing, &c.

Sing with sincerity, Long live the Maine Law. The cho - rus ins - pir - ing, Let

all now desiring, Their country's prosperity, Sing with sincerity, Long live the Maine Law.

MAGDALEN.

Allegro.

From the Temperance Melodeon.

1 Ye friends of tem - per - ance re - joice, And be your prais - es loud and
 2. And let the an - them rise to God, Whose sav-ing mer - cies so a-
 3. His children's prayers he deigns to grant, He stays the pro - gress of the
 long, Let ev' - ry heart and ev' - ry voice, Cons-
 bound, And let his prais - es fly a - broad, The
 foe, And tem - perance, like a che - rished plant, Be-
 pire to raise a joy - ful sound, Cons - pire to raise a joy - ful sound.
 spa - cious un - i - verse a - round, The spa - cious un - i - verse a - round.
 neath his fost'r - ing care shall grow, Be -neath his fost'r-ing care shall grow.

GO, GO, THOU THAT ENSLAV'ST ME

73

1. Go, go, thou that enslav'st me, Now, now, thy power is o'er; Long, long

2. Thou, thou, bring-est me ev-er, Deep, deep sor-row and pain; Then, then,

3. Rum, rum, thou hast be-reft me, Home, friends, pleasures so sweet, Now, now,

4. Joys, joys, bright as the morning Now, now, on me will pour; Hope, hope,

have I obeyed thee, Now, I'll not drink a - ny more, No, no, no, no,

from thee I'll sev-er, Now, I'll not serve thee a - gain, No, no, no, no,

forever I've left thee, Thou and I nev-er shall meet. No, no, no, no,

Sweetly is dawn-ing, Now, I'll not drink a - ny more. No, no, no, no,

Now, I'll not drink any more, No, no, no, no, Now I'll not drink any more.

Now I'll not serve thee again. No, no, no, no, I'll not serve thee a - gain.

Thou and I never shall meet No, no, no, no, Thou and I never shall meet.

Now, I'll not drink any more, No, no, no, no, Now I'll not drink any more.

UNITY, 6s & 5s (Peculiar.)

(Adapted for the conclusion of Temperance or other Social Meetings.)

Arranged by

When shall we meet a gain? Meet ne'er to say a t When will peace
wreath her chain? Round us for ev er; Our hearts will ne'er re pose, Safe
from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes; No ver, no, no ver.

Dim.

When shall we meet again?
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreath her chain?
Round us for ever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes.
Never! No, never.

When shall love freely flow?
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow?
Changeless, for ever?
Where joys celestial thrive,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill—
Never! No, never.

Up to that world of light,
Take us dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy, for ever:
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel.
Never! No, never.

Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will peace wreath her chain
Round us for ever!
Our hearts will then repose,
Secure from worldly woes,
Our songs of praise shall close—
NEVER! No, NEVER.

TOUCH NOT THE CUP.

A musical score for 'TOUCH NOT THE CUP.' The score consists of four staves of music in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The music is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the staves. The first section of lyrics is: 'Touch not the cup, it is death to thy soul, Touch not the cup, touch not the cup,' followed by a repeat sign. The second section is: 'Ma - ny I know who have quaff'd from the bowl, Touch not the cup—Touch it not.' The third section is: 'Lit - tie they thought that the de - mon was there, Blind - ly they drank and were caught in the snare,' followed by a repeat sign. The final section is: 'Then of that death-dealing bowl, oh, be - ware, Touch not the cup—touch it not.'

Touch not the cup, it is death to thy soul, Touch not the cup, touch not the cup,

Ma - ny I know who have quaff'd from the bowl, Touch not the cup—Touch it not.

Lit - tie they thought that the de - mon was there, Blind - ly they drank and were caught in the snare,

Then of that death-dealing bowl, oh, be - ware, Touch not the cup—touch it not.

Touch not the cup, it is death to thy soul,
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup ;
Many I know have quaff'd from the bowl,
Touch not the cup—touch it not.
Little they thought that the demon was there,
Blindly they drunk and were caught in the snare,
Then of that death-dealing bowl, oh beware,
Touch not the cup—touch it not.

Touch not the cup when the wine glistens bright,
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup ;
Though like the ruby it shines in the light,
Touch not the cup—touch it not.
Poisonous serpents are hid in the bowl,
Deeply the poison will enter thy soul,
Soon will it plunge thee beyond thy control,
Touch not the cup—touch it not.

Touch not the cup, O, young man in thy pride,
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup ;
Hark to the warning of thousands who've died ;
Touch not the cup—touch it not.
Go to their lonely and desolate tomb,
Think of their death, of their sorrow and gloom,
Think that perhaps thou may'st share in their doom,
Touch not the cup—touch it not.

Touch not the cup, O drink not a drop,
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup ;
All that thou lovest entreat thee to stop,
Touch not the cup—touch it not.
Stop ! for the home that to thee is so near,
Stop ! for the friends that to thee are so dear,
Stop, for thy country, thy God that you fear,
Touch not the cup—touch it not.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

The music is arranged in three staves, each in common time (indicated by a '3' over a '4') and in G major (indicated by a single sharp sign). The first staff begins with a quarter note. The second staff begins with a quarter note. The third staff begins with a quarter note. The lyrics are as follows:

The trump of jub - i - lee, Pro - claims the drunk - ard free,

In glad - some strains : The cheer - ing notes re-sound, The spa - cious

world a - round, and drunk - ards catch the sound, And break their chains.

The trump of jubilee
Proclaims the drunkard free,
In gladsome strains ;
The cheering notes resound
The spacious world around,
And drunkards catch the sound,
And break their chains.

Now the glad time is come,
The captives hasten home,
There to abide.
Love, which from thence had flown,
Once more erects her throne ;
Discord no more is known,
Peace doth preside.

Men of all ranks combine,
Gladly our pledge they sign,
Firmly they stand.
One end we have in view—
One course we all pursue,
Intemp'rance to subdue
Throughout our land.

Let all arise and sing
Loud praises to our King,
With heart and voice ;
From Him help doth proceed—
Our cause He makes succeed ;
And drunkards, fully freed,
With us rejoice.

O Lord our God, arise ;
To Thee we lift our eyes,
Waiting thine aid ;
If thou our friend remain,
And still our cause maintain,
We shall not work in vain,
Nor be dismay'd.

MOTHER, DRY THAT FLOWING TEAR.

WORDS BY J. H. A.

DI TANTI PALPITI.

Mo-ther, dry that flow-ing tear, Ho for whom thy heart doth fear, Than thy life to

thee more dear, Shall burst his chains for ev-er; Though in bond-age long he's lain,

'Neath intemp'rance gall-ing chain, He shall rise a man a-gain, And be conquered never.

Mother, dry that flowing tear,
He for whom thy heart doth fear,
Than thy life to thee more dear,
Shall burst his chains for ever!
Though in bondage long he's lain,
'Neath intemp'rance galling chain,
He shall rise a man again,
And be conquered never.

Dark the morning's opening hour,
Closed as is the early flower,
Yet the sun's bright beaming power,
To both is beauty bringing;
So shall temp'rance yet restore,
He whom now thou dost deplore,
And thy lov'd one ever more,
Shall songs of joy be singing.

With Feeling.

1. My Sa-vour, be thou near me, Thro' life's night; I
 2. O, thro' time's swell-ing o-cean, Be my guide! From
 ery and thou wilt hear me; Be my light, My dim sight
 tem-pest's wild com-mo-tion, Hide, O, hide, Life's crys-tal
 aching, Gent-ly thou'rt mak-ing, Meet for a-wak-ing, Where all is bright.
 riv-er, Storms ruf-flo-new-er; Anchor me ev-er, On that calm tide.

THE WILD SWAN, Chorus and Duet.

1. Fair flows the riv-er, Smoothly glid-ing on; Green grow the bulrushes, Round the stately swan.
 2. Low bend the branches, In the wa-ter bright, Up comes the swan sailing, Plumy all and white.
 3. Thick grow the flowers 'Neath the chestnut shade; Green grow the bulrushes Where thy nest is mado.
 What an isle of beauty, The noble bird hath found, Green trees and stateliest, Grow all the isle a-round.
 Like a ship at anchor, Now, now he lies at rest, Small waves seem daintily, To play about his breast.
 Lovely ye and loving, The mother bird and thee, Watch o'er your little brood, Beneath the river tree.

THE MALTESE BOATMAN'S SONG.

Andante.



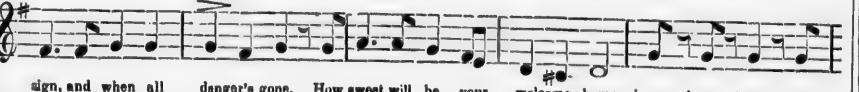
1. Come, brothers come, join our noble band, Drive intemperance from the land; Long under bondage you have lain, Burst asunder now the chain,



2. See how your old companions die, Soon with them you too may lie; Friendship and love now loudly call, Burst from alcohol's dread thrall.

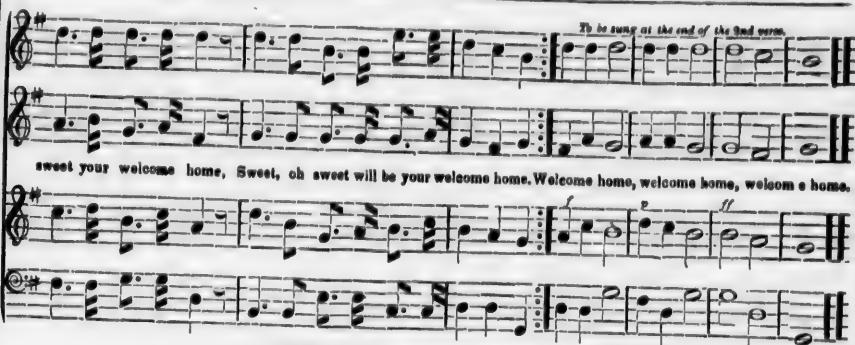


Then haste come and sing while of hope there's a ray, Re-member there's danger each moment you stay; Then

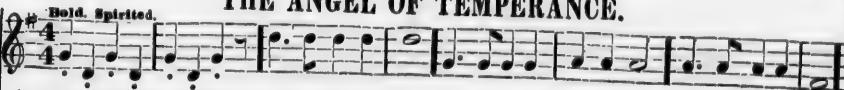


sign, and when all danger's gone, How sweet will be your welcome home, home, home, home, How

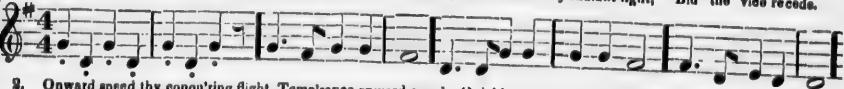




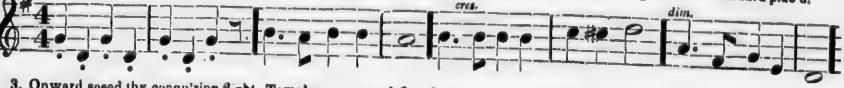
THE ANGEL OF TEMPERANCE.



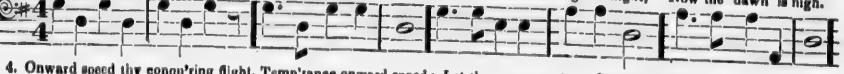
1. Onward speed thy conqu'ring flight, Temp'rance onward speed; Cast abroad thy radiant light, Bid the vice recede.



2. Onward speed thy conqu'ring flight, Temp'rance onward speed; Quickly o'er the country bright be the standard plao'd,



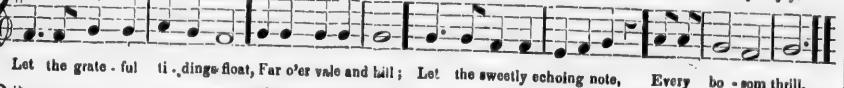
3. Onward speed thy conqu'ring flight, Temp'rance onward fly; Long has been the reign of night, Now the dawn is nigh.



4. Onward speed thy conqu'ring flight, Temp'rance onward speed; Let the monster in his might, Fall, for 'tis decreed,



Tread the o - vil in the dust, And its fumes destroy, Then in temp'rance nobly trust, Give the peo - ple joy.



Let the grate - ful ti - dings float, Far o'er vale and hill; Let the sweetly echoing note, Every bo - som thrill.



Upward may thy influence bear, Each imploring eye, Children's hearts its joys shall share, Mother's tears be dry.



Let the pledge go round and round, Each and all to sign; Temp'rance then with virtue crowned, Proves the Pow'r divine.

INTEMPERANCE SHALL NOT ALWAYS REIGN.

Allegro.

Words adapted by Rev. W. Scott.

1. In - tempe - rance shall not always reign; There comes a bright - er day, When free - dom burst from

2. What voice shall bid the progress stay, of truth's vic - to - rious ear? What arm af - fects the

3. The hour of triumph comes at last, The promis'd glorious hour, When tem - perance on a

ev'ry chain, shall have tri - umph - ant way; Then right does ov - er might pre - vail, the

growing day, or quench the so - lar star? What reck - less soul, though stout and strong, Shall

ransom'd race, Her bounteous gifts shall shower, Ring, temp'rance ring thy sweet-toned bell, Bid

Sons of temp'rance arm'd in mail, And Rechab's hosts the wrong as - sail, Which held destructive sway.

dare bring back the le - gal wrong, Our country's guilty night prolong, And freedom's morning bar.

bigh thy sa-cred banner swell, Let shout on shout the vic - to - ry tell, of heav'n's redeeming power.

TUNE.—“*Gaily the Troubadour.*”

Brightly has tem - pe - rance dawned on our land, Spreading her ra - diance, On ev'ry hand.
 Kind were her beauteous rays, Chasing our fears; Temperance, Temperance, Give her three cheers.

Brightly has Temperance
 Dawn'd on our land,
 Spreading her radiance
 On ev'ry hand.
 Kind were her beauteous rays,
 Chasing our fears;
 Temperance, Temperance,
 Give her three cheers!

Richly she brought us, too,
 Blessings of peace;
 Giving the heart of woe,
 Joyful release.
 Tidings of gladness she
 Brought to our ears,
 Temperance, Temperance,
 Give her three cheers!

Food with her visit comes,
 Cheering the soul;
 Bringing our needy homes
 Bread to the full.
 She wipes, with Mercy's hand,
 Want's briny tears;
 Temperance, Temperance
 Give her three cheers!

Raiment of goodly store,
 Where'er she goes,
 She, on the tatter'd poor,
 Freely bestows,
 Banish, yon needy ones,
 All your dark cares;
 Temperance, Temperance,
 Give her three cheers!

Those whom the Demon's will,
 Turn'd out of door,
 She, with her magic skill,
 Shelters once more.
 Home with its joy again,
 For them appears:
 Temperance, Temperance,
 Give her three cheers!

Oft in her track there flies
 A message of grace,
 Bringing from upper skies
 Pardon and peace.
 This all her other joys
 Richly endears:
 Temperance, Temperance,
 Give her three cheers!

YE SONS OF TEMPRANCE.

Marseilles Hymn.—Words altered from the Original.

1. Ye sons of Temprance wake to glo - ry, Hark! hark what myriads bid you rise, Your children,

2. Oh tem - pe - rance, can man re - sign thee, Once hav - ing signed the glo - rious 'deed? Not my - riad

wives and grandmothers hoary, Behold their tears and hear their cries, Behold their tears and hear their

hosts shall e'er con - fine thee, From pole to farthest pole thou'l spread, From pole to far - thest pole thou'l

cries, Shall alco - hol, foul mischief breeding, With hireling host, a ruffian band, Spread tears and misery o'er the

spread, Too long our country wept be - wailing. Her no - ble sons and daughters slain, But now is burst the tyrant's

CONTINUED.

87

Handwritten musical score for 'VICTORY A. LONE' in 2/4 time, 2 sharps. The score consists of three staves of music with lyrics. The lyrics are as follows:

land, While peace and li - ber - ty lie bleed - ing, To arm - to arms! and hurl The
chain, And all hearts are un - a - vail - ing, To arms! to arms! and hurl The
mons - ter from his throne, March on, march on, all hearts resolved, On vic - to - ry a -
lone, March on, march on, and strike the blow, For VIC - TO - RY A - LONE.

THE PLEDGE.

Atmosphere.

1. At eve and morn I'll on it gaze, that pledge of hope for me, My voice shall e - ver
2. I'll press it ev - er to my heart, My best, my dear-est friend; From there it nev - er
3. I love that pledge, and none shall dare To take it from my side; In life 'twill ev - er

SOLL.

sing its praise, For it has made me free. I'll keep it as a treasure, far A -
be my care, My hope, and joy and pride, And on the ev - er bloom - ing plains, Its

TUTTI.

bove earth's jew - els bright, And prize it as a po - lar star, To guide my steps a - right.
al - most in the tomb, It saved me from a drunkard's grave, And from a drunkard's doom.
prai - ses I will sing, In loud and sweet an - gel - ic strains, The Pledge, the Pledge I'll sing.

THE TEMPERANCE ARMY.

89

Tenor or Treble Solo. Allegro.

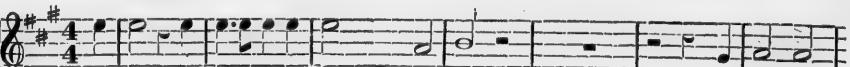


1. Lift up the Temperance ban - ner high; In tri - umph let it
 2. O come, In - e - briate, come and sign, O come and sign with



wave; For see the Tem - p'rance ar - my comes, They come a world to save.
 me; You on - ly need to sign the pledge, And it will set you free.

CHORUS.



For see, for see, the Temperance ar - my comes, With ban - ners



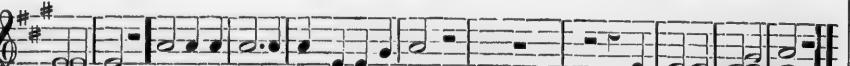
For see, for see, the Temperance ar - my comes, The Temperance army comes, With ban - ners



For see they come,



floating high, For see they come, the temp'rance army comes, With banners floating high.



floating high. For see they come, the temp'rance army comes, the temp'rance army comes, With banners floating high.



For see they come,

THE INEBRIATE'S LAMENT.

For the Canada Temperance Advocate. Words by J. Cartier.

The musical score consists of eight staves of music in common time (indicated by 'C' with a '2') and a key signature of two sharps (indicated by 'F#'). The music is arranged for a single melodic line. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the staff lines. The lyrics describe the speaker's state of mind and actions, including being heartbroken, leaving hope behind, being doomed from duty, and succumbing to the allure of drink.

Cheerless heart-ed and for - sa - ken, Hope be - left my hours do
pass; Doomed from du - ty to a - wa - ken, Doomed from du - ty
to a - wa - ken, To the mad - ness of the glass.

Cheerless hearted and forsaken,
Hope bereft my hours do pass ;
Doom'd from duty to awaken,
To the madness of the glass.

Bliss unsullied, hours of gladness,
Joys unspeakable were mine ;
Till those joys were steeped in sadness,
By the syren charms of wine.

She, who at the altar proffered
To my keeping, heart and hand ;
As a sacrifice I offered,
At the Bacchanal command.

Mute her voice in music numbers,
Now is clos'd her eye of sheen ;
And her form, in peaceful slumbers,
Resteth 'neath the willow green.

And our little one—love's token—
Through neglect hath sank to rest,
Where its slumbers are unbroken—
Pilow'd on a mother's breast.

There they nestle, free from sorrow,
Guarded from aspersions breath ;
Till the resurrection morrow
Breathe upon the night of death.

When is heard the mighty thunders,
And the angel trump shall sound ;
When the grave is rent asunder,
They shall wake to bliss profound.

But the husband and the father—
The condemn'd, unkindred soul—
Endless, doom'd remorse must gather,
Through the madness of "e bowl.

WOO THE WANDERER.

GENTLY BUT EARNESTLY.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1 Woo the wand'rer by thy smile Of
 2 Once a mother's tears be-dew'd His
 3 Long he struggled, long restrained His

char - i - ty and earn-est love; His wayward fes't you'll then beguile To paths of peace that tend above;
 check e're sin had him beguiled Alas! had her dear form been spared; A mother's pray'r had reared the child:
 passion deep with none to guide O, if kind friends his heart had gain'd, He'd nev'er left pure virtue's side;

Think not his heart is callous'd o'er With ad - a - mant of sin. O, no 'twill throb if
 A fa-ther's car - o'er he nev - or knew, Nor sister's smile to dawn. Without a joy of
 But tempted oft, his yearning heart Fell neath temptation strong. Then woo the wand'rer

CONTINUED.

98

ROUND, FOR FOUR VOICES.

MOONLIGHT CHORUS.

MAESTOSO.

1. Hail to the queen of the silent night, Shine clear, shine bright, Yield thy pensive light; Blithely we'll dance in thy

2. Dart thy pure beams from thy throne on high, Beam on thro' sky, Rob'd in azure dye; laugh and we'll sport while the We'll

sil-ver ray, Happi-ly passing the hours a-way, Must we not love the still-y night, in her robes of blue and white?

Dress'd

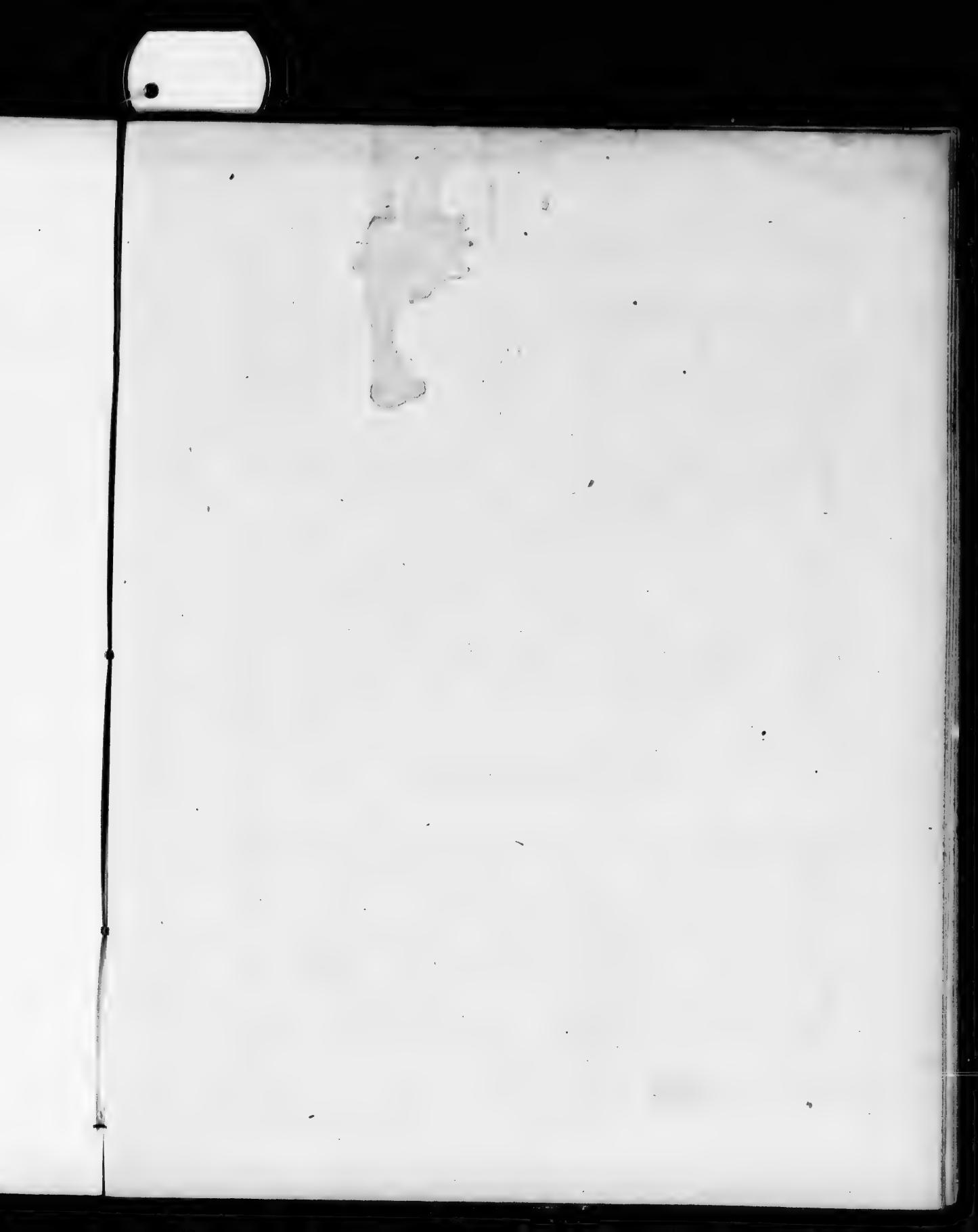
night-bird sings, Flapping the dew from his sa-ble wings: Spirits love to sport in the still moonlight, pearls of shadowy night

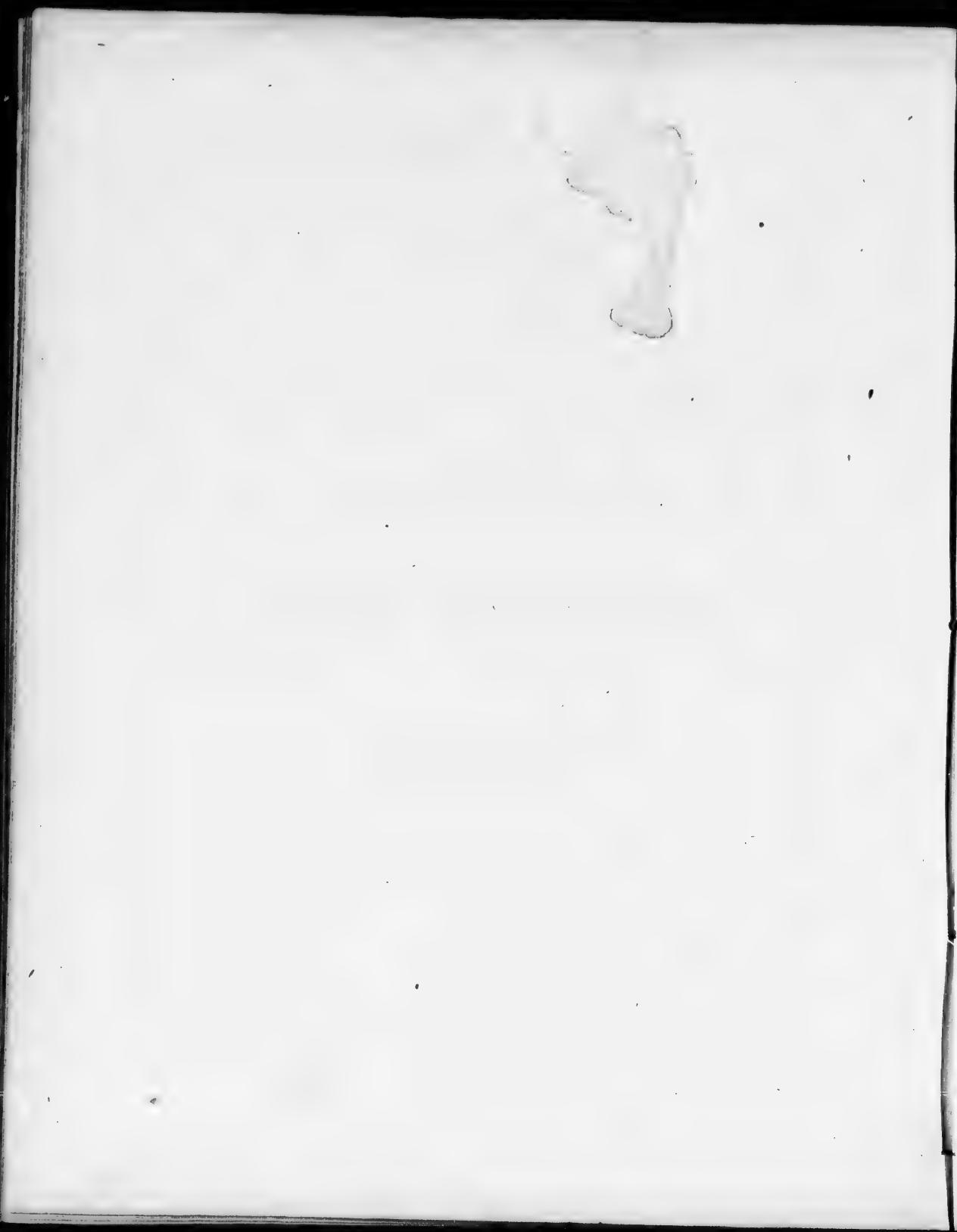
Play with the

RITARD.

Heaven's arches ring, Stars wink & sing, Hail, silent night! Fairy moonlight, fairy moonlight, fairy, fairy, fairy moonlight.

Then let us sing, Time's on the wing, Hail, silent night! Fairy moonlight, fairy moonlight, fairy moon light.







TEMPERANCE HYMNS.



HYMNS.

HYMN I.

Temperance—tell the list'ning word
What thine advocates have done;
Harken, now the tyrant's hurl'd
From his high despotic throne.
Temp'rance—shall it bear the sway,
Shine o'er earth in splendor bright?
Listen; for a brilliant day
Drives away the gloomy night.

Temp'rance—will thy beams alone
Gild the spot that gave thee birth?
Other climes thy sway shall own:
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
Temp'rance—are thy sons to fight,
Like hosts of earth, to fix thy laws?
O no; for love and truth unite,
To achieve the holy cause.

Temp'rance—then I'll be thy child,
For I love thy sacred name:
Yes, thy voice and influence mild
Can the wildest passion tame.
Temp'rance—we shall shout thy praise;
We no more will leave thy band;
Joyful now our anthems raise,
In every clime, in every land.

HYMN II.

Who hath sorrows? who hath woes?
Who hath babblings? who hath strife?
Causeless wounds and fancied woes?
Redden'd eyes? embitter'd life?
They that tarry at the wine,
They that love the feast and song,
They that mingled drink combine,
Early haste and tarry long.

Look not on the wine when red,
When it foams and sparkles bright;
Lo! it hides an adder's head!
Like a serpent will it bite.
Who hath sorrows? who hath woes?
Who hath babblings? who hath strife?
Causeless wounds, and fancied woes?
Redden'd eyes? embitter'd life?

HYMN III.

Long and gloomy was the night,
Hanging on our mental sight,
While intemp'rance, dark and drear,
Fill'd with storms our atmosphere.
But behold, a star arise,
Brilliant in these northern skies,
Coming, like redeeming power,
In the last despairing hour.

Ye who would your children save
From a drunkard's awful grave,
From the gloom of endless night,
Point them to its cheering light.
Onward speed thy radiant way,
Harbinger of dawning day,
Nations hail thee from afar.
Hail the blessed Temp'rance Star.

HYMN IV.

O'er Arabia's dreary sands,
Israel pass'd to distant lands,
God their Guide throughout the way,
Faith in him their only stay.
Mercies, day by day renew'd,
Rais'd the hymn of gratitude;
While 'neath pearly dew-drops spread
Lay around their daily bread.

Crystal streams, from Hereb's side,
Each returning want supplied,
Ever flowing to impart
Feelings of a grateful heart.
Borne on the wings of faith and love
To the mercy-seat above,
All around the ark they rest,
In the Saviour's presence blest.

Thus, through deserts wild and drear,
Manna, and the stream so clear,
Form their only meat and drink,
At whose frown e'en nations shrink.
Christians, learn a lesson here,—
Israel's God, forever near,
Does both health and strength bestow,
Where no maddening liquors flow.

HYMN V.

Gracious God, to thee belong,
Songs of praises evermore :
Wilt thou hear our grateful song,
While thy goodness we adore.
Thou hast kindly deigned to bless,
Every effort we have made ;
Crown'd our labors with success,
And the course of evil stay'd.

Fervent praise we give to thee,
Thou, our counsellor and friend,
Wilt thou still our guardian be,
Still thine aid and blessing lend ?
Ordered by thy sovereign will,
Guided by thy mighty hand,
May the cause of Temp'rance, still
Spread triumphant through our land.

HYMN VI.

Go, self-polluted loathsome wretch,
The scourge of human kind,
Go, waste thy substance and thy state,
And brutalize thy mind.

Go, haunt the taverns night and day,
The time thus spent in vain,
Will bring disease, and wo, and death,
And barter peace for pain.

Go, like a demon to thy house,
Destroy each comfort there ;
And from thy sorrowing family
Wring out the bitter tear.

Enough, enough, if aught remains
Of virtue in thy soul ;
Forsake thy foolish maddening life,
And scorn the treacherous bowl.

HYMN VII.

All ye who laugh and sport with death,
And say there is no hell,
The gasp of your expiring breath,
Will send you there to dwell.

When iron thunders bind your flesh,
With strange surprise you'll find,
Immortal vigor spring afresh,
And tortures wake the mind.

Then you'll confess, the frightful names
Of plagues you scorned before,
No more shall look like idle dreams,
Like foolish tales no more.

Then shall ye curse that fatal day,
With flames upon your tongue,
When you exchanged your souls away,
For vanity and songs.

HYMN VIII.

Oh ! touch it not, for deep within
That ruby tinted bowl,
Lie hidden fiends of guilt and sin,
To seize your precious soul.

That sparkling glass if you partake,
Will prove your deadly foe,
And may, e'er yet its bubbles break,
Have sealed your endless wo.

Then pause e'er yet the cup you drain,
The hand that lifts it, stay,
Resolve for ever to abstain,
And cast the bowl away.

HYMN IX.

O 'tis a joyful sound to hear
Our men devoutly say,
Come let us all to temperance haste,
No one must stay away.

There many weeping wives shall see
Returning hours of peace :
And many husbands there shall find
Corroding sorrows cease.

We'll banish far the madd'ning drink,
And temperance extend ;
While gospel truths shall thro' the land
Their endless blessings send.

O pray we all our country's peace,
May temperance wield its sway,
While high the gospel banners float,
And all its God obey.

HYMN X.

Stay, mortal, stay ! nor heedless thus
Thy sure destruction seal :
Within that cup there lurks a curse,
Which all who drink must feel.

Disease and death, for ever nigh,
Stand ready at the door,
And eager wait to hear the cry
Of, " Give me one glass more."

Go, view that prison's gloomy cells,
Their pallid tenants scan ;
Gaze, gaze upon these earthly hells,
And ask how they began.

Stay, mortal, stay ; repent return ;
Reflect upon thy fate ;
The poisonous draught indignant spurn—
Spurn, spurn it, ere too late.

HYMN XI.

On this glad day, O God, we would,
Through thy beloved Son,
Acknowledge Thee for all the good
That temperance has done.

We thank Thee for the thousands sav'd
From soul-seducing drink,
Who by its power were long enslav'd,
And cast on ruin's brink.

O let thy Holy Spirit dwell
Where vice too long has reigned ;
For where thy mercy breaks the spell
The victory is gain'd.

HYMN XII.

Fear to tread, 'tis slipp'ry ground,
Where narcotic streams abound ;
Bacchus fills the deadly cup,
Foolish mortals drink it up !

Music, with her harpyleas,
Immoral plays among the trees ;
And bewitching spells impart,
Poison alike to mind and heart.

Wanton Beauty, Virtue gone,
Draws her veil to lure you on,
And by Music, Wine and Lust,
Lays your honor in the dust.

There the blushing moonbeams play,
On the victims as they lay ;
Others dance around the shrine,
"Cursing God!" and praising wine !

HYMN XIII.

Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name ;
Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

Ye, alas ! who long have been,
Willing slaves to death and sin ;
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

He subdued th' infernal powers,
Those tremendous foes of ours ;
From their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

Hither then your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string,
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

HYMN XIV.

Jesus actuate and guide :
Divers gifts to each divide :
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil ;

Never from our office move,
Needful to each other prove ;
Use the grace on each bestow'd,
Temper'd by the art of God !

Sweetly may we all agree,
Touch'd with softest sympathy ;
Kindly for each other care ;
Every member feel its share.

Wounded by the grief of one,
Now let all the members groan ;
Honor'd if one member is,
All partake the common bliss !

HYMN XV.

Drinker ! turn, and leave your bowl ;
Turn, and save your deathless soul :
From your lip the poison fling,
Dash away th' accursed thing.

Husband ! turn—nor let your feet
Enter that accurs'd retreat ;
Look ; your partner's tearful eye
Eloquently asks you why ?

Brother ! leave the place of glee,
Quick, ah ! quickly, turn and flee !
See your sister's swelling breast,
Deep, with anxious fear, distress.

Father ; turn : your prattler's voice
Bids you seek your fireside joys :
Leave the revel ; homeward haste,
And those purer pleasures taste.

Fathers, brothers, husbands, come—
Help to banish from your home
And from the world, the deadliest foe
That assails your peace below.

HYMN XVI.

Come, Desire of nations, come !
Hasten, Lord, the general doom !
Hear the Spirit and the Bride ;
Come, and take us to thy side !

Thou, who hast our place prepared,
Make us meet for our reward !
Then with all thy saints descend !
Then our earthly trials end.

Mindful of thy chosen race !
Shorten these vindictive days !
Who for full redemption groan,
Hear us now, and save thine own !

Now destroy the man of sin ;
Now thine ancient flock bring in !
Fill'd with righteousness divine,
Claim a ransom'd world for thine !

Plant thy heavenly kingdom here ;
Glorious in thy saints appear ;
Speak the sacred number sealed !
Speak the mystery revealed !

Take to thee thy royal power ;
Reign, when sin shall be no more ;
Reign, when death no more shall be !
Reign to all eternity.

HYMN XVII.

A beacon has been lighted,
Bright as the noon-day sun,
On worlds of mind benighted,
Its rays are pouring down :
Full many a shrine of error,
And many a deed of shame,
Dismay'd, has shrunk in terror
Before the lighted flame.

Intemperance has founder'd,
The demon gasps for breath,
His rapid march is downward
To everlasting death.
Old age and youth united,
His works have prostrate hurl'd
And soon himself affrighted,
Shall hurry from this world.

Bold Temperance untiring,
Strikes at the monster's heart ;
Beneath her blows expiring,
He dreads her well-aim'd dart.
Her blows we'll pray God speed them,
The darkness to dispel ;
And how we fought for freedom,
Let future ages tell.

HYMN XVIII.

Brightly has Temperance
Dawn'd on our land,
Spreading her radiance
On ev'ry hand.
Kind were her beauteous rays,
Chasing our fears :
Temperance, Temperance,
Give her three cheers !

Richly she brought us, too,
Blessings of peace :
Giving the heart of wo
Joyful release.
Tidings of gladness she
Brought to our ears ;
Temperance, Temperance,
Give her three cheers !

Food with her visit comes,
Cheering the soul ;
Bringing our needy homes
Bread to the full.
She wipes, with Mercy's hand,
Want's briny tears :
Temperance, Temperance,
Give her three cheers.

Raiment of goodly store,
Where'er she goes,
She, on the tatter'd poor,
Freely bestows.
Banish, you needy ones,
All your dark cares :
Temperance, Temperance,
Give her three cheers !

Those whom the Demon's will,
Turn'd out of door,
She, with her magic skill,
Shelters once more.
Home with its joys again,
For them appears :
Temperance, Temperance,
Give her three cheers !

Oft in her track there flies
 A message of grace,
 Bringing from upper skies
 Pardon and peace.
 This all her other joys
 Richly endears :
 Temperance, Temperance,
 Give her three cheers ?

HYMN XIX.

How long shall virtue languish ?
 How long shall folly reign ?
 While many a heart with anguish
 Is weeping o'er the slain ?
 How long shall dissipation
 Her deadly waters pour,
 Throughout this favor'd nation,
 Her millions to devour ?

When shall the veil of blindness
 Fall from the sons of wealth,
 Restoring human kindness,
 And industry and health ?
 When shall the charms so luring,
 Of bad example cease ;
 The ends at once securing,
 Of industry and peace ?

We hail with joy unceasing
 The band whose pledge is giv'n ;
 Whose numbers are increasing,
 Amid the smiles of heav'n ;
 Their virtues never failing,
 Shall lead to brighter days,
 When holiness prevailing,
 Shall fill the earth with praise.

PEMBROKE. TRIUMPH. C. M.

‘ Am I my brother's keeper ?’ yes,
 Bound by the social ties
 Which link us to our fellow-man,
 Can we his soul despise ?

His sympathies are ours to share,
 His weal our heart's desire.
 Our aim, a brother's happiness,
 Should all our thoughts inspire.

Yes, resting on each brother's head,
 A brother's welfare hangs ;
 God at our hands his blood will ask ;
 Shall we not save his pangs ?

Then turn, oh, turn a brother's lips
 From drink's destructive snare ;
 Lure, lure his steps towards heavenly rest,
 God's smile will greet you there.

ST. ANN'S. OLDHAM. C. M.

‘ See, how it sparkles in my sight,’
 The doting drunkard cries ;
 ‘ See, how it moves itself aright,
 How tempting to mine eyes.

Fool, not to know that DEATH is there,
 And there the serpent's sting ;
 That glittering froth conceals a snare,
 And venom lurks within.

ST. ASAPH. ST. LAWRENCE. ARTAXERxes. C.M.

We've heard that round the wine cup's brim
 A thousand pleasures stay,
 And that strong drink has wond'rous power
 To drive each care away ;

But we have seen the flashing light,
 Which from the goblet came,
 Lead, like the meteor, on to tears,
 And wretchedness, and shame.

We've heard that though 'tis well enough
 For men the pledge to sign,
 Yet youth need never be in haste
 Their freedom to resign.

But we are sure ill habits form'd
 In youth destroy the man ;
 And we'll secure us from the snare
 Thus woven, if we can.

The children in Chaldea's court,
 Who would not drink the wine,
 Not only fair in flesh were seen,
 But wisdom had divine.

Like them we choose the gen'rous draught,
 God's cool sweet springs supply ;
 And then at last, those streams, of which
 Who drink shall never die.

EASTGATE. NAPLES. NEW LYDIA. BY T.

Great God ! thy presence we implore,
While we together meet ;
With reverence would we humbly bow
Before thy gracious seat.

Let truth and temperance prevail,
Throughout our favor'd land ;
And many a num'rous host come forth,
And join our growing band.

Let Christian churches now awake,
And for poor drunkards care ;
And, by their bright example, help
To break the tempter's snare.

Let young and old, let rich and poor,
Their energies unite ;
Until all people, climes and tongues,
In temperance delight.

IRISH. JOHNSTON CHAPEL. JACKSON'S. C. M.

When love to Jesus reigns within,
Who can the pledge decline ?
O ! put away the cause of sin,
And hear the voice divine.

How many pledges do we give
Where men a pledge require ;
How often promise, while we live,
To do as they desire ?

And shall we ask for liberty
Where God and duty call ?
Lord ! to deny ourselves for thee,
Incline and help us all.

We make no painful sacrifice,
And but with evil part :
The snares of sense may we despise,
And yield thee all the heart.

OLD 100. HEBRON. WELLS. CANADA. L. M.

Almighty Father, while we own
Thy saving power, and thine alone,
We would attempt in thy great name,
The hapless drunkard to reclaim.

Disposed to every evil thought,
To vice and degradation brought,
Oh, be it our incessant aim,
The wretched drunkard to reclaim.

A nation's curse, a slave to sin,
Despis'd without, reproach'd within ;
Let none refuse through fear or shame,
To help the drunkard to reclaim.

Since unclaim'd and unforgiven,
He never can inherit heaven :
O, help us, Lord, in thy great name,
The sinful drunkard to reclaim.

TRANQUILLITY. TRURO. L. M.

Lo ! Zion droops—in vain—in vain
Her temple gates are open'd wide ;
Intemp'rance blights her fair domain,
And lures ten thousand from her side.

In vain her watchmen cry aloud,
And urge their plea with many tears ;
They cannot reach the drunken crowd,
Who shun God's house and close their ears.

In every place intemp'rance blinds
The hoary sire and heedless youth ;
And how can their bewildered minds
Perceive or feel the force of truth ?

Yet fallen as the drunkard is,
Though fall'n, he is our brother still :
For him our Lord left heaven's bliss,
And shed his blood on Calvary's hill.

If He, who was all free from sin,
From yon bright realms of bliss withdrew,
To welcome even drunkards in,
Shall we not love the drunkard too ?

And if the truths of scripture are
Impervious to his clouded mind :
'Tis ours to wage incessant war,
With the foul sin that makes him blind.

Lovers of Zion ! foes of hell,
Ye who for Christ count all things loss ;
Strengthen our hands—we seek to swell
The bloodless triumphs of the cross.

DARNLEY. L. M.

Drunkards are dying day by day,
Thousands on thousands pass away :
O Christians to their rescue fly,
And seek to save them ere they die.

Wealth, labor, talents freely give
That those now perishing may live ;
What hath your Saviour done for you,
And what for them will ye not do ?

O Spirit of the Lord go forth,
Call in the south, awake the north ;
In every clime from sun to sun,
May drunkards to thy fold be won.

CREATION. DUKE STREET. L. M.

Slavery and death the cup contains ;
Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl !
Softer than silk are iron chains,
Compared with those that chafe the soul.

Hosannas, Lord, to thee we sing,
Whose power the giant fiend obeys,
What countless thousands tribute bring,
For happier homes and brighter days.

Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,
Nor leave the broken heart unbound :
The wife regains a husband freed !
The orphan clasps a father found !

Spare, Lord, the thoughtless, guide the blind ;
Till man no more shall deem it just
To live by forging chains to bind
His weaker brother in the dust.

With nature's draught your goblets fill,
And pledge the world that ye are free !
God of eternal truth, we **WILL** !
Our cause is thine, our trust in thee !

DERBY. COMMUNION. L. M.

Pity, O God, the heedless wretch,
Who staggers to a drunkard's grave ;
Thy arresting arm around him stretch,
And show that thou art strong to save.

Breathe upon those who scorn our cause ;
Thy cause, O Lord, for thou hast blest ;
Show them he honors most thy laws,
Who loves his God and neighbor best.

O God of nature and of grace,
Once more thy blessing we implore ;
Shine on us, Father, with thy face,
Now, henceforth, and for evermore.

HAYDN'S 143d PSALM, P. M. 6s.

That wine-cup ! touch it not !
Youth take thy hand away—
Poverty fills it up,
With ruin and decay.
Oh, youngster, heed thee well,
Ere thou hast quaffed a drop—
The seeds of death are there,
Whose work thou can't not stop !

When in the wide world, youth,
Thou hold'st thy devious way,
If from the path of truth,
Temptations lead astray—
If urg'd to drain the glass,
With thoughtless, heedless men,
Oh, as thou lov'st thyself
Touch not the wine-cup then.

Should hours of darkness come,
And thy heart's purpose fail,
Should life to thee seem vain,
And earth a dreary vale—
Oh, to the voice of truth
Take heed, nor then be deaf,
Shun, shun the wine-cup then,
It cannot give relief.

ST. ASAPH. C. M. D.

How beatiful ! how beatiful ! 'twould be if we
could see
Our own dear land, this glorious land, from vile
intemperance free ;
To see her sons all stand erect, her pride or pain
to share,
And all her daughters wreath her flowers amidst
their shining hair.

How beatiful ! how beatiful ! if every brother's
name,
Were rescued from its old reproach, the scoffing
and the shame ;
And dashing every chain away, how beatiful
to see
The drunkard starting to the man, the noble, and
the free !

How beautiful! how beautiful! if through this ocean isle
 Each village wore the sunny gleam of a redeeming smile;
 Then should the bulwarks of the State erect in glory stand.
 And hope relume her dying torch to brighten up the land.

Ah, beautiful! yes, beautiful! and shall we never see
 This land, our own dear native land, from vile intemperance free?
 Yes, all her sons shall stand erect, the temperance cause to bear,
 And all her daughters wreath its flowers amidst their shining hair.

ATHELSTANE. ST. MATTHEW'S. C. M. D.

Can we forget the gloomy time,
 When Bacchus rul'd the day,
 When dissipation, sloth, and crime,
 Bore undisputed sway?
 The time—the time—the gloomy time—
 The time has pass'd away,
 When dissipation, sloth, and crime,
 Bore undisputed sway.

Can we forget the tender wives,
 Who found an early tomb,
 For, ah! the partner's of their lives
 Had met the drunkard's doom?
 The wives—the wives the tender wives,
 May bid adieu to gloom,
 For now the partners of their lives
 Abhor the drunkard's doom.

We'll ne'er forget that noble band
 Who fear'd no creature's frown,
 And boldly pledged both heart and hand,
 To put intemp'rance down,
 The band—the band—the noble band—
 The band of blest renown—
 Who boldly pledg'd both heart and hand,
 To put intemp'rance down.

Nor shall the pledge be e'er forgot,
 That so much bliss creates—
 "We'll touch not—taste not—handle not,
 Whate'er intoxicates."
 The Pledge—the Pledge is not forgot—
 The pledge that Satan hates—
 "We'll touch not—taste not—handle not,
 Whate'er intoxicates."

SHIRLAND. WATCHMAN. S.M.

I've thrown the bowl aside,
 For me, no more shall flow
 Its ruddy stream or sparkling tide,
 How bright soe'er it glow;
 I've seen extending wide
 Its devastating sway,
 Seen reason yield its power to guide—
 I've cast the bowl away.

I've seen the pride of all—
 The wise, the good, the great—
 Like summer leaves, all timeless fall,
 And lose their high estate;
 I've seen e'en woman's love,
 Seared by strong drink, decay,
 O God, send thou help from above,—
 I've cast the bowl away.

A drunkard's gloomy grave
 Shall ne'er be made for me;
 O rather let the rushing wave
 Engulf me in the sea.
 And may it be my lot
 To die 'neath Reason's ray!
 Remembered by my friends or not,—
 I've cast the bowl away.

HOREE. ROTHSTAY. S.M.

As music on the plain,
 Where slaughter'd thousands lay;
 Or as the Syren's magic strain,
 To death decoys away:

So pleasure laughs around
 The cup where poison lurks;
 And shows of gaiety surround,
 Where venom secret works,

Though bright and joyous seems
 The hope-destroying bowl;
 Though fanciful and sweet the dreams,
 Which steal across the soul.

Yet sear'd and blasted peace,
 Too sure lies hidden there;
 And gnawing pain, and deep disease,
 And agonizing care.

Who then the path will tread,
 Where danger lurks conceal'd;
 Though zephyrs blow, and flowers may spread
 Their fragrance o'er the field?

FERNEYSIDE. MORNINGTON. S.M.

Behold the temp'rance band,
By heav'nly Captain led ;
Beneath the guidance of his Hand,
The temp'rance path they tread.

Once, many of them were
The slaves of drink ; but now
They lovers of true temp'rance are,
And at God's altar bow.

They love the Sabath-day,
Which once they spent in sin ;
They walk in wisdom's pleasant way,
And others strive to win.

They love the book of God,
By inspiration given ;
The paths which holy men have trod,
They tread, and hope for heaven.

Grant, Lord, that fruits like these,
May multiply and grow ;
And fill our fallen world with peace,
Till all, true temp'rance know.

OXFORD. S. M.

I heard a voice from heav'n
Address the thoughtless throng,
Who hasten downward to the tomb
With revelry and song.

It warn'd them not to quench
The holy light within ;
And madly dare the fearful doom,
Of unrepented sin.

It warn'd them of the shame
That haunts the drunkard's grave ;
And of that leprosy of soul
From which no skill can save.

I looked, and thousands fled
The tempter's fatal snare ;
But some were numbered with the dead,
Who shall their doom declare ?

ROANOKE. S. M.

O Lord, in mercy bliss
Our souls before we part ;
Crown this our meeting with success,
And rule in ev'ry heart.

May we for drunkards care,
Expos'd to every ill ;
And guard them 'gainst each specious snare,
And lead to Zion's hill.

There may we all be found,
And low adoring fall ;
Praise him who makes our joys abound,
And crown Him Lord of all.

COLESHILL. BANGOR. C. M.

Mournful and sad upon my ear
The death bell echoes stole ;
And painful memories opened all
The feelings of my soul.

The knell—the knell—it told of woe
That words cannot reveal—
Of desolate and broken hearts,
Where grief had set his seal.

Again it pealed—and on the ear
It swelled and died along ;
And to the dwelling of the dead
There came a weeping throng.

In tattered weeds, with trembling steps,
The widow led the train :
And her poor orphans followed on—
Sad sharers of her pain.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
Clay to its kindred clay—
They left the dead, and wailed and wept,
And slowly moved away.

But ah ! there hung a heavy cloud
Upon that husband's name ;
And deep disgrace had settled down
Upon that father's fame,

There was a keenness in their grief,
A death-shade in their gloom—
As, desolate and fatherless,
They left the drunkard's tomb.

HENRY. HUDDERSFIELD. C. M.

Ye captives once to sin and shame,
By dire intemp'rance led,
Whose thirst was like the fiery flame,
With burning spirit fed ;

The noble forms your Maker gave
Were tottering to the dust,
Without a hope that Christ would save,
On Him ye could not trust;

Upon the verge of endless night,
Ye grop'd your darksome way,
Without a beam of mercy's light,
With hearts that dar'd not pray.

Arise, and with all creatures join,
God's glory to advance;
For sun and moon, the earth and stars
Are teaching temperance.

CAROLINE. BALERMA. C. M.
Intemp'rance like a raging flood,
Is sweeping o'er our land;
Its dire effects, in tears and blood,
Are traced on every hand.

It still flows on, and bears away
Ten thousand to their doom;
Who shall the mighty torrent stay,
And disappoint the tomb?

Almighty God, no hand but thine
Can check this flowing tide;
Stretch out thine arm of power divine,
And bid the flood subside.

Dry up the source from whence it flows,
Destroy its fountain head;
Bid dire intemp'rance and its woes
No more the earth o'erspread.

BEDFORD. ELGIN. C. M.
Am I devoted to the Lord,
And wholly set apart,
A holy, lively, sacrifice,
And has my God my heart?

Have I denied each carnal lust,
Each sinful appetite,
Content for other's weal to be
A Christian Nazarite?

The cry of woe, the call of God,
And love of Christ constrain,
Renounce I must whatever does
Intemp'rance maintain.

Nor must intoxicating drinks
My vital powers impair;
Without their aid, in duty's path,
I'll seek for help by prayer.

SCARBOROUGH. ST. GEORGE'S. C. M.

'Wine is a mocker,'—taste it not,
'Twill lure thy soul to shame—
'Twill bow thy spirit to the dust,
And blight thy honest name.

'Strong drink is raging,'—turn away
From its destructive power;
Be not deceiv'd, O touch it not,
Lest ruin round thee lower.

Look not upon the flowing cup—
Its bright delusive glow
Will mock thee with a moment's mirth,
But leave thee deep in woe.

O take the madd'ning bowl away!
Remove the poisonous cup!
My soul is sick—it's burning ray
Will drink the spirit up.

Take—take it from my loathing lip,
Ere madness fires my brain;
Take—take it hence! nor let me sip
Its raging fire again.

O dash it on the thirsty earth;
For I will drink no more:
I cannot cheer my heart with mirth
That grief had wounded sore.

For serpents wreath its sparkling brim,
And adders lurk below;
It hath no soothing charm for him
Who sinks oppressed with woe.

Say not, 'Behold its ruddy hue—
And press it to thy lips?'
Ah, 'tis more deadly than the dew
That from the Upas drips:

It is more poisonous than the stream,
Which deadly nightshade leaves;
Its joys are transient as the beam
That lights its ruddy waves.

Say not, 'It hath a powerful spell
To soothe the soul of care';
Say not, 'It calms the bosom's swell
And drives away despair!'

Art thou its votary? ask thy soul—
 The soul in misery deep;
 Yea, ask thy conscience if the bowl
 Can give *eternal sleep*.

Star of the temperance morning, hail!
 Thrice welcome to our sight;
 Shine, brightly shine, nor canst thou fail
 To cheer us with thy light.

Shine on, thou star of promise, speak
 Of brighter hours at hand;
 When truth shall o'er all barriers break,
 And virtue fill the land.

Shine on the young ere they begin,
 To tread the dang'rous way;
 Nor cease till thou hast usher'd in
 The bright millennial day!

‘ ‘Tis but a drop,’ the father said,
 And gave it to his son;
 But little did he think a work
 Of death was then begun.

The ‘ drop’ that lur'd him, when the babe
 Scarce lisp'd his father's name,
 Planted a fatal appetite
 Deep in his infant frame.

‘ ‘Tis but a drop,’ his comrades cried,
 In truant school-boy tone;
 ‘ It did not hurt us in our robes,
 It will not now we're grown.’

And so they drank the mixture up,
 That reeling youthful band;
 For each had learn'd to love the taste
 From his own father's hand.

‘ ‘Tis but a drop,—I need it now,’
 The staggering drunkard said:
 ‘ It was my food in infancy—
 My meat, and drink, and bread.

‘ A drop—a drop—oh, let me have,
 ‘ Twill so refresh my soul!’
 He took it—trembled—drank—and died,
 Grasping the fatal bowl.

However others choose to act
 Towards the Temperance cause,
 We hail its blessings to our home,
 And strictly keep its laws.

We will not *touch* the drunkard's drink,
 But close our lips to all;
 Reject the foe in every form,
 Lest we should taste and fall.

We will not *give* the drunkard's drink
 Our friends to entertain;
 But act the more consistent part,
 And teach them to abstain.

We will not *buy* the drunkard's drink,
 Nor *keep* it where we dwell;
 It is the source of crime and death,
 It hurries crowds to hell;

Let Christians now unite to make
 One firm devoted band;
 No more to use the drunkard's drink,
 But drive it from our land.